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The Front Page.

QUITE a few roofs have been lifted since Thanksgiving Day of last year, and quite a few snugly situated people have been yanked out into the open. The plumbers were the first, and how shocked everybody was to learn that the plumbers had been "doing" their customers systematically—had banded together and had been plucking them like pigeons. For a time it seemed as if this exposure would have led to widespread revelations showing the existence of combines in restraint of trade, in violation of the law and in contravention of an express provision of the tariff—it looked as if the existence of a veritable net-work of these combines would be shown to exist. But something happened. Nobody appears to know just what did happen, but for some reason that seems to have been sufficient for the purpose, the exciting sport of chasing and unmasking combines was discontinued. It did not stop because the sport failed, for, as everybody knows, the woods are full of this kind of game. It is somewhat curious to observe with what docility the Liberals see the tariff clause forbidding combines, and penalizing them, ignored at Ottawa. When the party got into power this clause was about the only item in the tariff that even squinted in the direction in which free traders had been glaring for many years. It was the one and only clause in the Fielding tariff that contained a shred or a patch of pure Liberal teaching. Yet it has been entirely disregarded. When the Canadian Press Association, under that clause, forced the Government to institute an investigation into the Paper Makers' Combine, and proved their case, they succeeded in having the order on news-print reduced, but they had to pay their own costs. As a combine can more lavishly spend money to perpetuate itself, than any group of individuals can afford to do in an effort to expose it, nobody need be surprised to learn that no other group of persons has followed the example of the publishers. Men who had been for years the innocent victims of an illegal combine, proved to the satisfaction of the State the injustice under which they had labored, yet were made to pay their own costs in doing the State this service. The clause in the tariff serves a use purely ornamental, and the combines are free to wax fat. The Government does not hunt them out; if individuals do it, they must do it at their own cost. Combines are encouraged; those who would expose them are penalized. But, yet, various things have happened since last Thanksgiving Day.

The plumbers were shown to have in full working order a system of business that was as far in advance of the old highwayman's trade as electricity is ahead of the tallow candle.

The York Loan, when subjected to investigation, was found to be conducting a sheer extravaganza in the midst of a business community and right under the noses of provincial officials.

A civic investigation was held, and many most astonishing revelations were made, but in the process of boiling down the sap into syrup, and the syrup into sugar, the result of the sugaring off was quite disappointing. It did not pay for the greasing of the sugar kettle.

The Insurance Investigation has revealed some marvels in the field of high finance—showing how some men make money faster than the mint can mould it, or counterfeiters print it.

The London election exposure has come along as if to remind us what Parliament is, and how its members get there, while details concerning deals in western lands show us what kind of transactions they are really engaged in while ostensibly serving their country at the Capital.

Thanksgiving Day has been instituted so that the inhabitants of a prosperous country may give thanks for their prosperity. If every man in Toronto who has prospered—and if they have made money, the modern idea is that they have been blessed—should give thanks next Thursday, what a stench their prayer and praise would make as it arose to the sky? What misrepresentation, twisting, turning, hunkersliding, what cheating, lying, what theft and robbery under convenient modern names, have contributed to a great deal of the money-making that has gone on in this city during the year! Most men are honest. Were it not so it would not be so easy for unscrupulous persons to make inordinate gains by sharp practices. Some men are mostly honest—that is to say, they will not fobble anything unless they can get a chance to make a big haul. Some are respectably honest—which means, they will take nothing unless it be decently wrapped up in a disguise that makes it look like a legitimate profit. Some are fairly honest—they will do nothing in privacy that they would not do if a policeman were walking down the other side of the street. Most people are just plain honest, and these others can play rings around them in the great game of money-making.

The trouble is that men discard any fixed standard, and think it must be all right to take such gains as are acquired the way other men acquire them. A man does not know just how things go, and leaves himself in other hands. On a board of directors there will be some men supposedly of the greatest uprightness. One of these will know what is taking place, and will not like the looks of it, but he will decide not to make trouble unless somebody else objects, in which case he will speak his mind freely. Another man does not protest because he does not understand the merits of the transaction. It goes through, and when exposure comes these men are left staring at each other and wondering how they were trapped into such a piece of business. Yet, if a sound and honorable business system cannot be conducted through the hands of the class of men who serve on the directorates of our leading companies, where can better men be had? Better men cannot be had, taking them as a whole. But they can be better men than they are, if they will really shoulder the responsibilities they assume as directors, and acquaint themselves with all the doings that they sanction in the course of a year. A leading man regards it as a compliment to be chosen as a director

of a company, and, however busy he may be, he accepts the post, although not prepared to give any attention whatever to the affairs of the company. In fact, he knows that no work will be required of him. They only want his name; he knows it and feels flattered. There are men whose names farm out at a fairly good rental. These men would have nothing to do with a vulgar fraud, and their names are never associated except with those of other reputable men. But we have reached a time when the irresponsibility of directors has made managers all-powerful, and sometimes managers turn some very doubtful corners in order to be able, once a year, to tell indifferent directors the one thing they want to know—how much the profits are. We need a revival of conscience and responsibility among men of the director class. They are trustees; they serve all present and prospective investors in the companies they are connected with. More than that, to their hands is confided the whole morality of current business.

LONDON is a city where a given number of men have played the limit in the game of politics. Taking the city as a whole, it is probably just as decent as any other

Conservative looked on the play as good politics, because it would help the party in East Elgin and would move the glare of the calcium from those lieutenants of Mr. Borden who were shifting so uneasily in the witness box before the Insurance Commission. But well-posted men of either party in London did not expect that everything was to be exposed, and an end put to the whole game of stud politics as played in that city. The election having been, as I have said, suspended by a sort of consent, and each side feeling sure that the other would not venture into court, the gamesters of both parties went pretty far in their methods, and only through outside interference has the case come up for inquiry. The Conservatives of London in newspaper interviews promptly disavowed responsibility for the proceedings. The lawyers for the defence in Toronto strove to have the case go to London, where the evidence would not look so bad against the local background, and where some of the people would understand.

About a hundred men, it is said, will be put in the box, on suspicion of having been bribed by the Liberals; any found to have been perjuring themselves will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. Some of the queer

that he was a son of President Roosevelt, and allowed to go. Presumably the police admitted the son of a Roosevelt to break a nose occasionally. Five hundred years ago in England an incident occurred that made its way into history, and the story of it should be read by Mr. Roosevelt to his children when they come home to eat their turkey at Thanksgiving. When Henry V. was Prince of Wales he was stirring a blade as any modern youth at Harvard. Some of his wild companions were on trial for lawlessness before Chief Justice Gascoigne of the King's Bench, and the Prince thought that he could easily use his royal pull to get the offenders free. But Gascoigne paid no heed to him, whereupon the Prince drew his sword and attacked the judge, who promptly ordered him off to prison. Impressed by the courage and justice of the judge, the Prince gracefully submitted. His father, Henry IV., is credited with having said: "Happy is the monarch who has so just a judge, and a son so willing to obey the laws." Some authorities doubt the story, but it should have happened, if it did not. No doubt the sons of President Roosevelt devote themselves to the strenuous life, and hear on every hand all kinds of stories about the pranks played by their father in his eager youth. But the police of Boston will have their hands full of alleged Roosevelts if they begin releasing every madcap who tells them that he is a son of the President. The real Roosevelt boy would be poor stuff if he pleaded his parentage as a means of slipping out of trouble, whereas any other Harvard student would ask nothing better than to shoulder his escapades on the President's son, and be respectfully bowed to his carriage by the police. It is to be feared that the Roosevelt boys will receive considerable outside assistance in making reputations as wild men.

SOME of the party dailies are making game of Mr. Bourassa and Mr. Maclean, because one in Quebec, and the other in Ontario, has come out in advocacy of a third party in Canadian politics. The moment is not suited for jeers at such a proposal. The chief offence of these two men is that they have broken all the harness that political managers have ever buckled on them, and at this moment, that will seem to the public a smaller offence than ever before in the history of the country. Bourassa is a Liberal who, whatever his faults, appears to be regularly chosen by his constituents to represent them in Parliament without shedding ten-dollar bills wherever he goes. Mr. Maclean is a Conservative whose vote in his constituency grows larger every time he goes to the polls, and whatever his faults, he does not spend his time at Ottawa putting through huge land deals for his own benefit, or acting as a man Friday for any railroad or other big corporation.

WITH credit to themselves, certain officers of the Commercial Travellers' Association have started a movement to raise a fund for the benefit of the family of Engineer Blaine, who so bravely rode to his death in the railway collision at Napanee, no doubt saving many lives by his fidelity to duty. Already, small contributions, received from many sources, give the fund a start of \$250, and once it gets fairly under way a large sum should be realized. Each passenger on board that train should contribute and become an active agent seeking contributions for this fund, because they know better than others the service Blaine rendered. There were about one hundred Oddfellows on board, and no doubt that order will vote a sum of money, while the Provincial and Dominion Governments might very properly do the same, to a generous extent. Money is spent readily enough in ways less worthy than in recognition of a deed so courageous. One writer, and only one, has taken exception to my praise of Engineer Blaine, which I tried to make unstinted. He argues, through trained love of argument, that the work of reversing the engine and setting the emergency brake is quickly done, and no object was served by Blaine in remaining at his post. But this we know. He saw the other train on the track; he called to his fireman to jump; from his position, he could have jumped first; he did not jump at all, but reversed his engine, used the emergency brake, rode into the collision, and his hand, severed from his body, was found clutching the brake. He alone died. Only two passengers were seriously hurt, and it was Blaine's work that prevented a serious disaster. He could have saved himself; instead, he saved others. Who shall say that there was a second of time allowed him, in which, after having done all he could to save others, he might have saved himself? The evidence is all in his favor. He chose to do his best, he did all that lay in his power, he broke the force of the catastrophe, and in doing so, lost his life. It is one of those deeds that all men should honor, and his wife and family should receive substantial proof of the country's pride in this man's action.

A MARKED copy of a resolution adopted by Court Bruce, I.O.F., and published in the Chesley Enterprise, has reached me. Court Bruce "places on record its deep sense of pain and regret that, according to the evidence given before the Commission on Insurance during its recent sessions in Toronto, the management of the affairs of this order by some of its supreme officers has not been marked by careful avoidance of objectionable tactics and entanglements. Especially does this court question the wisdom of having retained the services of Dr. Montague after the Australian episode. This court also regrets that certain officers in their entangling transactions with trust and land companies evidently forgot that the I.O.F. should not by a hair's-breadth be compromised in the eyes of the public. We deem it right that these officials should be suspended until they can entirely clear both themselves and the order from the shadow their alleged conduct has brought upon it. This court is of opinion that in future no man who has been or is notable as a leader in party politics should be given a prominent position on the salaried staff of this order; that immediately a policy of reduction of expenses, including salaries of supreme officers, should be entered upon, and that for these and other ends a meeting of the Supreme Court, in which every subordinate



PHOTO BY J. KENNEDY, TORONTO

A PORTRAIT STUDY

town in the Dominion; its people as a whole are just as ready to deplore crooked election methods, and quite as likely to condemn through the ballot-box—if permitted—those who seek to win political success by evil practices. But for years there have been small rival bunches of men down town in London, playing politics and poker and any other game you like, and fighting everything to a finish. There is a game called stud poker, and these rival groups of men in London began to play stud politics. They made of it a great game. The people of London were not in it at all, and did not need to know much about it. A small bunch of Liberals and a small bunch of Conservatives conducted these fights, neither asking nor giving quarter. In order to win they paused at nothing, but if they lost they blamed themselves or the limitations of their barrel, and did not go moaning and moaning around the election courts. By tacit agreement the election laws seem to have been suspended between these contestants, and each side knew enough about the other to feel pretty well assured that there would be no rash appeal to the courts. In the ordinary course of events the present exposures would not have been made. The Conservative leaders in Toronto regarded Jerry Collins as a great find, took the matter out of local hands in London, and, before Colonel Denison in Toronto, started an investigation that may lead from one point to another until the whole story of London politics may be laid bare and quite a few reputations smashed.

When proceedings were begun in Toronto, many a

workers are reported as being ready to tell all they know, and it is supposed that men of some consequence will be implicated. But can the authorities show all this virtue? The threat is made already that the Liberals are going to do all the sweating, but if driven to it will make the Conservative party in London shed salt tears before these exposures are over. Can the authorities carry on the relentless programme mapped out? As the days slip by, as popular interest wanes, as witnesses begin to shake off their terror, as each interested person begins to pull wires, and as leading men on both sides begin to believe that there is no present need for bringing the world to an end—and as sharp lawyers begin to hit upon expedients for delaying proceedings and baffling enquiry—will the authorities be able to crush straight ahead in quest of the whole truth regardless of everybody and everything? It is to be feared not. When a prosecution once grows cold it never again fully warms to its work. When lawyers get time to think they can delay any kind of case. Election workers can pull strings in the most unlikely places. Both parties having guilt to conceal, may unite in eluding discovery. But, what a fine thing it would be if the authorities would get through this job, and finish it to the King's taste!

A COUPLE of Harvard students got into trouble with the police of Boston the other day, with the result that an officer had his nose broken. One of the students, on being seized by the police at the railway station,

court shall be adequately represented, shall be called without delay."

Up in Bruce they do not shilly-shally in these matters. They say what they think, and tell us plainly just how the revelations as to the doings of the subsidiary companies of the Foresters look from a country hillside. Other local courts of the I.O.F. will also pass resolutions expressing their "deep sense of pain and regret." The most striking part of the Court Bruce resolution is the declaration of opinion that "in future no man who has been or is notable as a leader in party politics should be given a prominent position on the salaried staff of this order." There speak the people! Are the politicians listening? It is the profound conviction of the people that the leading politicians are a bad lot. "Look!" cries the Forester out in the country. "Observe what those leading politicians have done to our once respectable and beloved order. See how they introduced bye-election methods into our affairs, and note how members of the caucus at Ottawa swarmed around our strong-box." So they decide that politicians as a class are a bad lot, and not to be trusted around any treasury but the national one, which, of course, being bottomless, need not be worried about.

SOME of the Conservative newspapers are calling on Hon. C. S. Hyman to resign his London seat; some of the Liberal papers are suggesting that Hon. Geo. E. Foster should resign his seat in North Toronto. If the newspapers could agree in urging that both should resign perhaps the two men in question would believe that the press represented popular, not partisan, opinion. Neither of the two will resign, and the many-headed, fickle public will forget all about these present troubles within a year. It shouldn't be so, but every politician knows that as soon as a sensation dies out of the newspaper columns its career is over, its influence gone.

IT is inevitable that larger subsidies will have to be paid the provinces, and it is curious to find that a great many people have been misled into the belief that the request for increases was in the nature of a political graft. This idea was set afloat at a time when nearly all the provincial premiers were Liberals, and when Conservative journalists thought they could score a point by accusing their political opponents of an ungovernable incapacity. The voice of Quebec, her needs being pressing, was most insistent in demanding better terms, and this alone sufficed to cause many people in Ontario to distrust the whole scheme, and to regard it as anything but sound business. When ex-Premier Ross laid the proposals of the last conference of Premiers on the table of the Ontario Legislature, Mr. Whitney, then leader of the Opposition, expressed the distrust of his party. The scene has changed. Premier Whitney sits in with the other Premiers, and joins in the demand for better terms. In addition to an increase of the regular subsidy, the Provinces ask of the Dominion a grant of 20 cents per head for the administration of criminal justice, and without including this, the increases asked for would be, according to the last census, as follows:

	Present subsidy.	Subsidy asked. Increase.	
Ontario	\$1,116,872	\$1,746,357	\$628,486
Quebec	889,252	1,319,118	429,865
Nova Scotia	320,060	367,659	47,659
New Brunswick	257,010	264,896	7,885
Manitoba	123,004	203,957	81,952
British Columbia	78,538	145,025	61,987
Prince Edward Island	87,202	82,607	*4,655
Total increase			\$1,258,835
*Decrease.			

Prince Edward Island would, on this showing, receive a decreased amount, but marvel not, for this was not agreed to. The case of the little Province was made a special one, and will be considered separately. British Columbia also puts in a claim for special consideration and an extra grant, on the plea that her people pay more per capita into the national revenue than those of any other Province. The whole matter amounts to this: Canada has again outgrown her clothes. MACK.

On the Trail of the Editors.

A was recently noted in SATURDAY NIGHT, certain people, otherwise good-humored and optimistic enough, are afflicted with chronic dissatisfaction with the ways of editors in general. They have lately been making a concerted attack, through the columns of the New York Sun, on the unfortunate editors and publishers of American magazines. One of the Sun's correspondents claims to have won a triumph by adopting the old device of testing the literary attainments and judgment of editors by sending to them for consideration the already published work of some well-known writer, under a slight disguise. Writing over the signature of "Black and White," this correspondent reports a trial of the magazines with "a well-known story of Kipling's." I quote the pertinent parts of his letter:

"A non-literary friend and myself, after some discussion of the subject in question, decided upon a test—perhaps one of questionable propriety, but nevertheless a test, and a relentless one. One of Kipling's most popular short stories was selected. The environment of the tale was English, but as the story depended little on local color, the scene was easily transferred to America. An entire change of names of characters was accomplished after considerable mental effort. Aside from this, I give my word of honor, not a paragraph, a line, a word, or a punctuation was changed. Upon being typewritten it was sent to the following publishers:

"Collier's Weekly, Harper's Monthly, Scribner's, Ainslee's, Century, Munsey's, Lippincott's, Metropolitan, Cosmopolitan, Oulng Magazine, McClure's, Frank Leslie's, Everybody's, Saturday Evening Post, Smart Set, Broadway Magazine.

"In each case of the above-mentioned publishers, the story was returned to us accompanied by a note in which the editorial soul breathed forth its appreciation and regret, but nothing more. Finally, to make the position of the undiscerning publishers superlatively ridiculous, the manuscript was forwarded to Kipling's original publishers of the story. After an interval of about seven weeks we received a letter containing a check and acceptance. The check was returned by us, with the explanation that the story was to be amplified with a novel, and in due time we received our manuscript back."

The publication of this letter in the Sun caused a throng of other letter writers to endorse "Black and White's" opinion of the editors, who are accused of an "owlish blindness to original talent and even failure to perceive genuine merit." One writer, who names himself "Free Lance," declares it is no unusual occurrence in these days of what he calls "musical-comedy-magazine editors" to have an original manuscript rejected a dozen times and then accepted by the unwitting editor of the magazine to which it was first submitted." Another



ROOM FOR SYMPATHY

The New Curate—Your husband is a confirmed invalid, is he not?

Mrs. Gubbins—Confirmed, sir? No, sir; he ain't

Church of England.

The New Curate—I mean, is he a permanent invalid?

Mrs. Gubbins—Permanent? Lor', no, poor dear! Doctor says he can't last through the summer.—*Tatter.*

writer declares in tones that have a familiar echo that "editors of popular magazines are not in the market for original contributions; they want the name and the name only."

The case is stated for the other side by one writer who thinks the sixteen editors recognized the tale as a clumsy imitation of the Kipling story and sent the printed slips of regret to avoid opening a debate with the contributor on the subject of plagiarism. He says:

"My experience has been that editors are far too busy to engage in correspondence unless it be really necessary—a rule which obtains in all properly conducted business, whether literary or other. The scheme of your correspondent was of the 'heads-I-win-tails-you-lose' variety. If the manuscript were rejected, then it was to laugh. If, on the other hand, it were accepted, then it was to laugh also. The only thing that it seems would have eased the conspirators' souls was a letter of indignation and possibly insulting protest; and the fact that no such letter was written in any one of the sixteen cases would appear to be, not a 'commentary and reflection on somebody's intellectual pretensions,' but a signal example of editorial forbearance and courtesy."

It would be interesting to see the Kipling story in question, as "disguised" by the cunning hands of this correspondent and his "non-literary" friend. It probably struck the manuscript-readers who looked it over, as a trick perpetrated by precocious juveniles.

Repentance.

I AM tired of being decent. I find it does not pay. I have fretted o'er my conduct till my locks are turning grey.

I have fought the fascination of doing what is bad, And have trod the narrow pathway till I'm almost moral-mad.

I have shunned the ways of evil till I should an angel be, But I find that other people only fling the laugh at me, And the girls uplift their noses whenever I pass by, While o'er some boozing publican they sift the soulful sigh.

I have met my obligations whenever they fell due, And have tried to utter only what my conscience said was true;

But I see the gifted liar throned upon the seat of power, While men who're not so honest try to cheat me every hour.

I have looked not on the wine-cup when its bright contents were red,

For I feared the morning after, and the big and throbbing "head"—

And now I cuss my foresight, and declare it was a shame, For though I dodged the wine-cup, I've the headache just the same.

I have dodged the vile temptations which e'er hover o'er us here,

Saying, "Get behind me, Satan!" whenever he came near;

But in this despondent moment I declare it would be grand

Just to meet the dear old fellow and to shake him by the hand.

For I'm tired of being decent—I'd like to howl and hoot,

And spend my hard-earned wages in a high, hilarious "toot,"

And in the restful night-time I would paint the old town red—

For I find that being decent is the same as being dead.

Chatham, Sept., 1906.

VICTOR LAURISTON.

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Submarine Coal-Mining in Canada.

A DESCRIPTION of six large collieries which are now being operated under the bed of the ocean in Cape Breton, Canada, is given in the *American Inventor*, of New York, for September, which says that little is known of this method of coal-mining. The largest of these collieries is the Princess or Sydney pit in Cape Breton Island, which was the first in North America to mine coal from beneath the bed of the Atlantic Ocean. Says the paper named above:

The seam of coal averages between 5½ and 6 feet thick, of best quality. The angle of dip or inclination seaward is 5 degrees, or about 1 foot vertical in 12 horizontal. The working of the 'whole coal' under the sea by the bore-and-pillar system was commenced in 1878 under an overhead cover at the shore line of 690 feet of

solid measures, although part of the workings driven to the rise under the Sydney harbor was operated under a cover of 500 feet or less.

The present workings are distant from the shore line 5,800 feet to the dip. At this point the overhead cover is 1,140 feet in thickness of strata, with 33 to 40 feet depth of water above it. The under-sea workings in the whole coal cover 1,620 acres. No sea water has yet found its way into the workings as a result of removing the pillars. A feeder of a few gallons of water per minute was encountered in some of the whole-coal workings driven to the rise, as also at the face of the water levels driven in the direction of the outcrop to the south, but this water evidently followed the seam of coal downward from its outcrop under the waters of the harbor. There has been no water known to come from overhead across the measures.

This immunity from overhead leaks from the ocean is probably due to the presence in the superincumbent strata of 12 beds of fire-clay or under-clay of a total thickness of 39 feet, as well as to the numerous beds of shale. The subsidence of the overhead strata caused by the removal of a bed of coal 6 feet in thickness would probably under these conditions soon choke itself, so that there would be no further actual motion or settling of the strata for more than, say, 100 feet upward. Above that point the elasticity of the beds of shale and fire-clay mentioned would prevent any rupture. Fire-clay when brought into contact with water soon forms a soft clay resembling putty and impervious to water. Out of the submarine area there has already been taken some 5,250,000 tons of coal from the main seam, while the company has also commenced the working of another and thicker seam in the same area, from which in all likelihood they will secure as much coal as has already been taken.

Canadian Railroad Expansion.

More miles of railroad will be built in Canada this year than in any previous year in her history, we are told by J. A. Macdonald, writing in *Engineering News* of New York. Most of this is trunk line, except about 900 miles for the Canadian Pacific, and will afford work for some 20,000 men. This force will have employment, if present indications are accurate, for seven or eight years. Says Mr. Macdonald:

The mere statement of these facts is enough to convey some idea of the rapidity with which the country is developing, through the increasing application of labor and capital to the exploitation of its natural resources. It should be borne in mind that none of the enterprises thus financed are of a speculative character. The region through which the new railway lines are to be constructed are well known, and the great corporations which have undertaken to furnish them with transportation facilities are taking no chances of failure. The great increase in such facilities is made because it is urgently needed, and, so far as at present appears, the work will have to be kept in progress for many years to come. The natural resources of the country are vast, varied, and widely distributed, and the result of this development will be an incalculably great impetus to the prosperity and solidarity of the Dominion.

The Passing of Palma.

The popular estimate of Thomas Estrada Palma in these intervention times differs greatly from the estimate entertained of that gentleman in former investigation times. Then Mr. Palma was a persecuted patriot, sheltered under our starry banner on American soil, and thence safely bidding defiance to the hated red and yellow rag of Spain. Now Mr. Palma is merely a person who has been occupying the Cuban presidential chair, picked out, propped up, and padded for him by Uncle Sam, and who has not made good. Therefore, there is a certain impatience with Palma. Our populace and our yellow press are inclined to cry, "Away with him!" as did a certain other rabble two thousand years ago. Mr. Palma has endeavored to save over the matter by stepping down and out. It was the only thing for him to do. But how different his feelings as he contrasts his situation with that of eight years ago, when all the yellow press were tooting their penny trumpets in praise of Palma. How bitterly must Mr. Palma say to himself: "In sooth, republics are ungrateful!" And what does the ungrateful republic say? Little, save this: "Back to the palm woods, Palma!" "Twenty-three, Thomas!" "Estrada, skidoo!"—San Francisco *Argonaut*.

When the whole of the twenty-one new lines now proposed are complete, Londoners will be able to make journeys of from twenty to forty miles entirely by light railway and tramcar, traversing the metropolis from north to south and from east to west, without using either train, omnibus, or cab for assistance. The London Express makes this claim with satisfaction, and adds the statement that the total length of line that will ultimately become available to the Londoner with a desire for travel will be at least 400 miles.

The editor of SATURDAY NIGHT this week received the present of a fine basket of pears from a subscriber, Mr. Thomas Huckstep, of Goderich. Editors of other weeklies throughout the Province, who so frequently report the arrival of tokens of good-will from subscribers, will no longer be able to crow over us.

An attractive booklet, containing an historical sketch of Niagara-on-the-Lake and Niagara Camp, by Lieut.-Colonel E. Cruikshank, F.R.S.C., has been issued by Frank H. Leslie, of the *Niagara Falls Review*. It is a very interesting little souvenir publication, and is profusely illustrated.

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"Don't Use Too Much"

Armour's Solid Extract of Beef

(POTTED IN CANADA)

Be careful not to use too great a proportion of Armour's Beef Extract when making Beef Tea, Soups, or Gravies. Too much does not improve your dishes. Just add one-quarter the quantity you would of other Extracts and Fluid Beefs, because Armour's has four times the strength of most of them. Write for Free Booklet "CULINARY WRINKLES."

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CANADIAN FACTORY - 77 FRONT STREET EAST



Decoration of the Walls

THOSE who contemplate the decoration of their walls will find it to their interest to inspect the comprehensive selection of wall coverings which we have imported from the leading manufacturers of the U. S. and Europe.

Wall papers of every popular style of design and coloring from the cheapest to the highest grades. Every grade on good quality of stock, and printed with the best colors obtainable.

Our prices, we believe, are lower than those of any other house in Canada, and we guarantee the quality of every paper.

We also carry Room Mouldings, Birlaps, etc., etc.

EMPIRE WALL PAPER CO. Limited
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OUR Fall Importations ARE HERE.



We shall be pleased to have you call and inspect our showings, which comprises some beautiful goods, at reasonable rates. Orders filled on very short notice for out-of-town customers.

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WEDDING

Invitations engraved in the latest styles at prices that will save you 15 per cent.

JEWELRY PARLORS
J. A. S. D. BAILEY
75 Yonge St. N. E. Cor. King.

A RELIABLE HAIR DYE

judiciously used is often very beneficial to one's appearance. There are many different kinds, the most popular being our Royal Washable. It restores grey hair to its natural color in a way interferes with dressing \$2.

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73½ King St. W.

Lace Curtains
and fancy starch work carefully & promptly done by

THE YORKVILLE LAUNDRY
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Phone - Main 1580.

MISS PORTER

Fine Stationery, Books, Magazines, Fancy Goods, Needle Work.
ENGLISH HONITON LACE a specialty. Wedding Veils, etc.

109 KING STREET WEST, Phone Main 1158.

DR. FRED R. MALLORY DENTIST
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N. W. Cor. Bloor and Yonge Streets
BANK OF COMMERCE BLDG., TORONTO

Social and Personal

The marriage of Miss Nelda Elizabeth Heintzman, second daughter of Mr. Gerhard Heintzman of Tannheim, and Mr. Otto George Palm, took place on Wednesday afternoon at half-past two o'clock in the German Lutheran Church in Bond street, Rev. Pastor Muller being the officiating clergyman. The church was decorated with immense palms, and bouquets of white flowers and festoons of smilax were upon the altar, which was lighted with many candles in brass candelabra. The ends of those pews reserved for the relatives of the bride and groom had bouquets of roses and carnations, with streamers of white ribbon. Dr. A. S. Vogt played and a quartette sang the bridesmaids' chorus from *Lohengrin* as the bride's procession came slowly up the south aisle, and led by the ushers, ranged themselves before the altar, where the bridegroom and his best man, Mr. Louis Johnson of Hamilton, awaited them. The pastor then delivered an address to the young couple, full of sound counsel and wise thoughts. Miss Heintzman, who is a blonde, of rather imposing presence, wore a beautiful lace robe over clouds of chiffon and satin and trimmed with ruched white ribbon. Her veil was worn off the face, in box pleats fastened to the back of her coiffure, and a light

so elegant a little wedding is possible as that celebrated in bower of roses and greenery in Mrs. Elliott's drawing-rooms on Thursday evening. The soft light of scores of pink-shaded candles illuminated the pretty bridal party, including the three girl friends of the bride, Miss Cromer, daughter of the Governor-elect of Alabama, who is a childhood friend and schoolmate of Mrs. McKinney, being maid of honor; Miss Hamilton, a fellow citizen and friend, and Miss Muriel Armstrong, of Arnprior, being bridesmaids, while Master Leighton Elliott, gravest of best men, stood beside the tall and stalwart groom. Miss Dwyer wore white crepe de soie, with tulle veil and orange blossoms, and carried a superb shower of roses and lily of the valley. The attendant maids were also in white, with bouquets of roses, the maid of honor carrying an enormous circular bouquet of Richmond roses, and the others equally lovely ones of a new pink rose. Mrs. Elliott had a bouquet of mauve orchids to match her gown. Rev. Canon Cody performed the ceremony, and after it was over, a sumptuous *dejeuner* was enjoyed by the little party of friends aforesaid—none others being present at this happy event. Miss Dwyer has won love and admiration from a great many Torontonians this summer, and her marriage to so fine a man as Mr. Price McKinney will evoke many good wishes and kind words. On Wednesday evening the bridegroom-elect entertained the bridal party and three or four others at the King Edward Hotel, at a very *recherche* dinner in the royal suite. On their return from abroad Mr. and Mrs. McKinney will probably go to the California country place of the bridegroom for the winter. Miss Hamilton, who was here with Miss Dwyer, has returned to her home in Alabama.

The marriage of Miss Laura Maude Bryan, daughter of Rev. Bernard Bryan, and Mr. Edgar T. Brandon, took place in the Church of the Epiphany, on Tuesday afternoon, the father of the bride, assisted by Canon Dixon, being the officiating clergy. Mr. Claude Bryan brought his sister in and gave her away, having come up from New York for the wedding. The church was decorated with clematis and autumn foliage. Mr. Phillips played the bridal music. Miss Bryan's *robe des noces* was of white lace over chiffon and silk, and she wore a tulle veil and wreath of lily of the valley, and carried a shower of Bride roses and lily of the valley. A maid of honor, Miss Florence Woolverton, and two bridesmaids, Miss Marion Brandon, sister of the groom, and Miss Muriel Dick, attended the bride, the former all in cream, the frock of net, and the hat to match, with a bouquet of deep red roses; the maids in turquoise mouseline with white lace, hats to match, and bouquets of the same deep crimson roses. The groom's gift to the maid of honor was an amethyst heart on a gold chain, and to the bridesmaids gold armlets, set with amethysts. Mr. Harold Mara was best man. The ushers were Mr. Jack Bryan, Mr. Harold Franks, Mr. Horace Jacks of Lockport, and Mr. Charles Hollinrake of Milton. After the ceremony the bridal couple received congratulations, and Rev. and Mrs. Bryan held a reception at their home in Dowling avenue, which was *en fete* for the happy event, the rooms being decorated with flowers and a wedding bell of clematis being hung over the bride and groom. The wedding gifts were very beautiful, and of substantial value, the groom's being a fine pearl sunburst, and to the best man and ushers amethyst scarf pins. Mr. and Mrs. Brandon, sr., gave their new daughter a gold bracelet watch and a liberal cheque. The bride and groom left for a honeymoon in the States, Mrs. Brandon travelling in a quiet navy blue costume, with white *gilet*, and hat of blue with black wing. She has been a deserved favorite in Parkdale, and is one of its many pretty brides.

Mrs. Auden will entertain at tea after the Prize-giving at Upper Canada College, and her friends have received invitations this week.

A splendid and most representative audience greeted Guibert and Chevalier on Monday evening, when Massey Hall was crowded, and many were unable to secure seats. A few of those in the Hall were Lady Kirkpatrick of Closeburn and Miss Kirkpatrick, Mrs. Fisk and her guest at Chudleigh, Lady Augusta Fanny Fane, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Osborne, Hon. George Fane, Mr. Stewart, Mr. Kelly Evans, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Benjamin, Mrs. and Miss Esther Benjamin, Miss Levi, Mrs. Buchan of Montreal, Mr. and Mrs. Robertson, Mr. Curtis Williamson, Mrs. Arthurs of Ravenswood, Mrs. and Miss Austin of Spadina, Mrs. Hammond, Mr. Hammond, jr., Chief Justice and Mrs. Falconbridge, Baron St. Elmo de Champ, Count and Countess Rochereau de la Sabliere, Mrs. Le Grand Reed, Mr. Cantley of Winnipeg, Miss Annie Michie, Mr. and Mrs. Fullerton, Mrs. Osler, Mr. and Mrs. Fraser Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. Allan Cassels, Mr. and Mrs. Harcourt Vernon, Mrs. and Miss Brouse, Mr. and Mrs. Mulock, Miss Wallbridge, Dr. Bruce, Mr. and Mrs. Ross Robertson, Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Christie, Mrs. and the Misses Boulton, and Mrs. J. J. Dixon, Colonel and Mrs. Davidson, Miss Helen Davidson, Mrs. and Miss Marion Laidlaw, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Cassels, Miss Jessie Macdonald, Captain Des Voeux, Mr. and Mrs. McGregor Young, Mr. Wyndham Strathy, Miss Heron, Mr. and Mrs. Aubrey Heward, Mr. and Miss Boulton, Miss Yarker, Mrs. Fred Plumb, Mr. and Mrs. Ramsay Wright, Colonel and Mrs. Hemming, and Miss Hemming.

Mr. and Mrs. Le Grand Reed have taken Mrs. Lace's house, 95 Walmer road, for the winter.

Mrs. George Harley Roberts left for New York on Tuesday, where I hear she has accepted a good position, and where her many Toronto friends wish her a great measure of success. Mrs. Roberts will be much missed at the Strollers' reunions, where her cordial and graceful welcome was one of the best attractions. Other artistic circles will also regret the departure of so clever and original a member to a larger sphere, where her talents will doubtless be equally valued.

Captain and Mrs. Bickford are leaving this month for India. Captain James Elmsley departed on Thursday for England, en route to India, leaving a chorus of regrets, for, to quote the popular refrain, "We all love—Jim!" Captain Elmsley will be attached to an Imperial regiment, but his orders to report himself at the War Office were very sudden and without particulars of any kind. It is some nine months since Captain Elmsley accepted the chance to go to India, and his friends had almost forgotten it, when he was suddenly spirited away in this heartless manner.



MISS NELDA GERHARD HEINTZMAN.
MR. OTTO GEORGE PALM.



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SKIRTS
BEAUTIFULLY
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From your own material, in styles strictly up to vogue.

We employ only tried and expert skirtmakers.

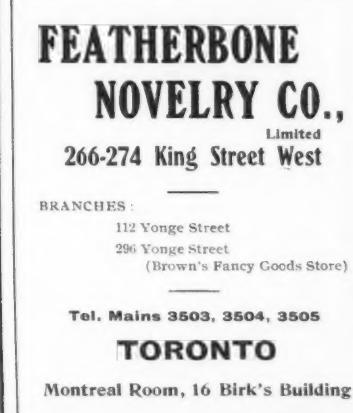
Ask for booklet showing styles of our own origination.

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Knife and Accordion Pleating done promptly.



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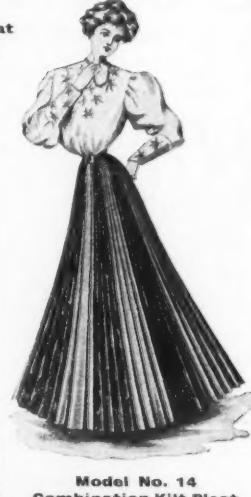
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King Edward Hotel
Toronto



The Regent Scarf

IN THE ILLUSTRATION WE BEG TO PRESENT A NEW FORM OF SAILOR'S KNOT WHICH WE HAVE JUST PLACED ON SALE. MORE ENGLISH THAN AMERICAN IN STYLE, BEING SMALLER IN THE KNOT AND MORE CLOSELY DRAWN IN TYING. THE APRON OF THE SCARF GRADUATES AND IS A TRIFLE BROADER THAN USUAL. THE SILKS USED ARE ESPECIALLY MADE FOR US IN OUR OWN DESIGNS AND COLORINGS.

The Marlborough Collar

THE MARLBOROUGH COLLAR, ALSO SHOWN IN THE DRAWING, IS DESIGNED FOR BUSINESS AND SEMI-DRESS, AND GOES WELL WITH THE FORM OF THE DRAWING. IT IS OF CONSERVATIVE CUT AND WHEN WORN SO THAT IT FITS CLOSELY IN FRONT, HAS A DECIDEDLY GOOD LOOKING COLLAR. WE ARE EXTENDING THIS BRANCH OF OUR BUSINESS, AND IN MANY OF THE BEST SELLING FORMS HAVE ADDED THE QUARTER SIZES.



This Collar for Real Comfort

Here is the new soft collar that solves the problem of hot-day neckwear with real NECK-EASE and STYLE as well.

THE LOUNGE COLLAR FOR MEN AND WOMEN

In plain white Oxfords, mat cloths and flannels—soft, yet shapely, smart, yet comfy. Just ready in any size from 12 to 18, and priced to please your pocket, just as this ideal summer collar will please your neck. Ask at a good store and look for the brand in script.

W.G.R. Makers Berlin

Ellis Unshrinkable Underwear

Spring Needle Ribbed



means winter comfort.

Firm, close, smooth weave—absorbs and evaporates perspiration—stretches under any strain—springs back instantly.

Perfect in fit, feel and wear. Absolutely unshrinkable.

Ask your dealer—and write for free sample of fabric and booklet.

The Ellis Manufacturing Co., Limited, Hamilton, Ont.

Sole makers in Canada of Spring Needle Ribbed Underwear.

J. HOWELL JAMES
333 Lippincott St.
Art Furniture
Cabinet Making and Office Fittings
Carpentry and Alterations
Ordered Work Only
Telephone N. 4443



Anteet against breakage—if your dealer hasn't got them write for descriptive Leaflet or send 25c for Sample to

The Canada Button Co.
1150 Brunswick Avenue, Toronto.

New and Fine

The new O'Keefe "Pilsener" Lager is the finest Beer ever brewed. And when you recall all O'Keefe's famous Lagers, Ales and Porters, it's easy to see why we are so proud of this new brew.

It's just out—the most tantalizingly delightful lager you ever drank. Remember that you want

OK PILSENER Lager

"The Light Beer in the Light Bottle"

OSTEOPATHIC DIRECTORY

The following is a complete list of fully accredited graduates in Osteopathy practising in the city, excepting only such as may be identified in any way with those CLAIMING to be Osteopaths who hold CORRESPONDENCE diplomas. By fully accredited osteopathy is meant those who have graduated from fully equipped and regularly inspected colleges of osteopathy whose course calls for actual attendance at lectures for at least four terms of five months each.

Robert B. Henderson, 48 Canada Life Bldg., King St. West.
Herbert G. Jaquith, Confed. Life Bldg.
J. S. Back, 704 Temple Bldg.
Mrs. Adalyn K. Pigott, 180 Bloor St. East.
Georgene W. A. Cook, 169 College St.
F. P. Millard, D. O., 333 Confederation Life Building

Creator of "Susan Clegg" Interviewed

ANNE WARNER (French), the creator of *Susan Clegg*, has been interviewed at her home in St. Paul, and induced to talk of her successful literary career, which has covered but few years. The author of *Susan Clegg and Her Neighbors' Affairs*, and innumerable other stories, in response to questions, said:

"I entered upon my career as a writer alone and unaided, and anyone who has courage and talent can be sure that is the best way to enter it. Friends are of no assistance whatever if you really mean to do great things. No one ever learned to swim until he learned to swim alone."

"I wrote a joke in 1900 and sent it to *Life*. It was accepted. I wrote a story and poem and sent them to a manuscript bureau. They sold the poem for me for \$2 and stole the story. In 1901 I wrote a story, and *Town Topics* accepted it. Then I wrote nothing else for some time. In 1902 I was in Europe and I wrote twenty-three stories, and I mailed them to different magazines and kept track of their peregrinations in a book. I believe that I made \$25 in 1902—out of literature. In 1903 I wrote forty-four stories and a book. After the book was as good as accepted and *Susan Clegg* was launched in the *Century* I had a good income coming my way, I went East and saw live editors and publishers for the first time.

"It was quite soon enough to know, too. Publishers and editors really cannot do anything for you until you have succeeded. The first fight must be made alone. If it is worth anything to win, no one can do it for you. I wish every young aspirant could know that. There is a prevalent idea that anyone who has his or her own stories accepted can do the trick for others. But it cannot be done. I know a clever man who is so interested in his wife's success that he rewrites her stories for her, but he cannot make her successful then. If it isn't in you yourself, no one can put it there. Just begin to send and keep on sending, and after a while you will wear through the 'readers' into the editor. It is only a question of time and merit.

"Let me see. In 1902 I wrote twenty-three stories and made \$25; in 1903 I wrote forty-four stories and a book; in 1904 I wrote seventy-six stories and a book; in 1905 I wrote forty stories, but several of them were novelettes and really half books. So far this year I have written sixty-six stories.

"When I finished my first book, *A Woman's Will*, I sent it to Roberts Bros. on account of the reference to them made in Miss Alcott's journal. Roberts Bros. had long gone out of business, and so my manuscript went to Little, Brown & Co., who had succeeded them.

"They accepted the book, and afterwards I made a contract with them which gave them the others, too.

"What kind of reading do the publishers like the best? I really don't know. It doesn't do to know, even if I did know. Publishers reflect the public, and yet they confess themselves that they don't know a thing about the public. Books are like men—chance favors some, some win on their merits, and some play in hard luck from start to finish. I think in our country that literature is rather chaotic, like everything else. In a hundred years, when we have a civil service and a forestry guard, we shall have had a literature, and we shall know all about it.

"No one can write a book without becoming changed through its agency. The law of give and take makes a writer absorb an equal measure to his creation. It is a wonderful experience to handle live people, even if they only live a life of pages, and to be their provide for the time being. You cannot feed little, hungry children in a story without wider and better intentions in real life, and as you act yourself so you may lead countless others to act."

Search For Kruger's Gold.

SINCE the late Boer war a new phase of treasure hunting has been in vogue. Some one started a rumor that ere his departure from the Transvaal the late President had a quantity of bar gold, variously estimated at a value ranging from one to several millions, conveyed up country and buried. The story received so much credence, says *Chambers' Journal*, that the British Government at Pretoria has provided special permits and police assistance to various persons who professed to be able to guide a search party to the hiding place.

The degree of gullibility that even intelligent and educated men can attain when excited by treasure mania was amusingly illustrated by a well known instance. A young Boer from the district supposed to contain the treasure called upon a doctor near Johannesburg and told a strange story. He said that one night while riding to the farm of a relative he saw lights in a wooded kloof or gorge, and reconnoitering cautiously he saw a party of men removing boxes from a wagon and burying them.

Carefully noting the spot he got away unobserved and returned next day, when he unearthed a box, which on being broken open, he found to contain bars of gold and quantities of Kruger sovereigns minted on one side only. In confirmation of the story he produced three discs of gold which appeared to have been struck on one side with an imperfect die.

His object in calling on the doctor was to borrow £50 in order to procure a wagon and oxen to remove the treasure. He was asked why he did not bring away the portable coin and thus make himself independent of outside financial aid. His explanation was ingenious. He feared to bring more, lest he might be found with them upon him!

It is estimated that more than £10,000 has been expended by the various search parties that have undertaken the search for the Kruger millions.

Modern Parable.

UPTON SINCLAIR, author of *The Jungle*, told at a dinner in New York, apropos of the pure-food laws, a story of four flies.

"Four flies, four brother flies," he said, "set out into the world, one summer day, to seek their fortunes.

"Up and down they flew, and finally, a window being open, they found themselves in a large, delightful room. There was a great white table in the middle of the room, and on it many tempting viands were spread.

"The first fly, with a buzz of delight, settled upon a dish of lovely, amber-colored jam. He ate his fill. Then, with a low cry of agony, he expired. The jam, alas, was adulterated with copperas.

"The second fly saw in his comrade's fate a moral. Luxuries, he reasoned, were deadly. He would stick, therefore, to the plainest, simplest things. And so he fell



Apollinaris

"THE QUEEN OF TABLE WATERS."

HAS CONSTANTLY and STEADILY INCREASED in Popularity and Esteem, and is now ACCEPTED THROUGHOUT the ENTIRE CIVILIZED WORLD as possessing all the properties of an IDEAL and PERFECT TABLE WATER.



Talks About "Fashion-Craft"

CHANGE OF BRAND

OF my own accord I cancelled my former agency. In the past I pleased and satisfied my customers and will even do better with my new brand. My inspiration and long experience made me ambitious, so I conceived and manufactured "FASHION-CRAFT" clothes—in which I have put quality and multiplied style.

The Style and Fit you see—the quality I pledge. This combination of unusual skill and experience of knowing how, have made these clothes what they are.

Concentrated in one big plant—under my own supervision—the result has already justified my judgment.

Let me prove this by an inspection of



P. BELLINGER, Proprietor

Manning Arcade, 22 King Street West.

The PATENT "REALM" COLLAR SUPPORT

FOR SOFT COLLARS ON BLOUSE OR DRESS.

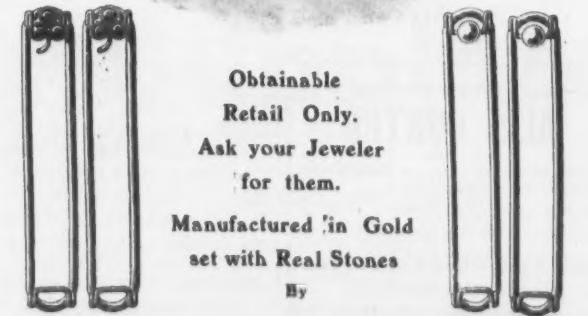
KEEPS THEM ABSOLUTELY RIGID.

No Creasing
No Crumpling up



No Stitching,
No Whalebone
Required.

Adjusted in a Twinkling,
Comfortable in Wear.



Obtainable
Retail Only.
Ask your Jeweler
for them.

Manufactured in Gold
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October 13, 1906

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

5

INVESTMENTS.

Reports on Securities furnished on application.
Bonds and Stock bought and sold on Commission.

A. E. Ames & Co.
LIMITED
7-9 King St. E. TORONTO

3 1/2
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Deposits

ACCOUNTS SUBJECT TO CHEQUE, INTEREST PAID HALF-YEARLY, DEPOSITS OF \$100 AND UP RECEIVED, INTEREST CALCULATED ON THE

DAILY BALANCE

CENTRAL
CANADA
LOAN & SAVINGS COY.
26 KING ST. E. TORONTO

CANADIAN AND NEW YORK
STOCKS AND BONDS.
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(MEMBERS TORONTO STOCK EXCHANGE)
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METROPOLITAN
BANK

Capital Paid-Up - \$1,000,000
Reserve Fund - \$1,000,000

BRANCHES IN TORONTO:
Cor. College and Bathurst Streets.
Cor. Dundas and Arthur Streets.
Cor. Queen Street E. and Lee Ave.
Cor. Queen and McCaul Streets.
40-46 King Street West.

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT
AT ALL BRANCHES

The largest return for the
money, consistent with the
MAXIMUM OF SECURITY

can be obtained by a Policy
of Life Insurance in the
Royal Insurance Company
(OF LIVERPOOL)

Toronto Office, 27-29 Wellington St. East

Declaration of Dividend
British Columbia Packers
Association.

NOTICE is hereby given that a dividend of 7
per cent has been declared on the pre-
ferred stock of the above association, covering
the period 20th November, 1905, to 20th Novem-
ber, 1904, payable 20th November next; and that
the transfer books of the Association will be
closed from the 10th to the 20th November, 1906,
both days inclusive.

Dated at Toronto the 25th day of September,
1906.
ARMILUS JARVIS,
Vice-President

The Imperial Trusts
Company of Canada

Geo. H. Gooderham, Pres.

4 PER cent allowed on all deposits sub-
ject to withdrawal by cheque.

Real Estate Department.—The
Company undertakes the management of
property and acts as agent for purchase and
sale of same.

F. J. GIBSON, Manager.
Head Office 17 Richmond St. West

DR. JOHN A. BOTHWELL
Dentist
Room 27-2 College St. Phone M. 4706

SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST

HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS

ANY even numbered section of Dominion
Land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and
Alberta, excepting 8 and 26 not reserved,
may be homesteaded by any person who is the
sole head of a family, or whose only dependents
are, the wife and one-quarter section of 160
acres, or more or less.

Entry must be made personally at the local
land office for the district in which the land is
situated.

The homesteader is required to perform the
conditions connected therewith under one of the
following plans:

(1) At least six months' residence upon and
cultivation of the land in each year for three
years.

(2) If the father (or mother), if the father is
dead, or if the homesteader resides upon a farm
in the vicinity of the land entered for, the re-
quirements as to residence may be satisfied by
such person residing with the father or mother.

(3) If the homesteader has his permanent residence
upon a farm land owned by him in the vicinity
of his homestead, the requirements as to resi-
dence may be satisfied by residence upon the said
land.

(4) If the father (or mother), if the father is
dead, or if the homesteader resides upon a farm
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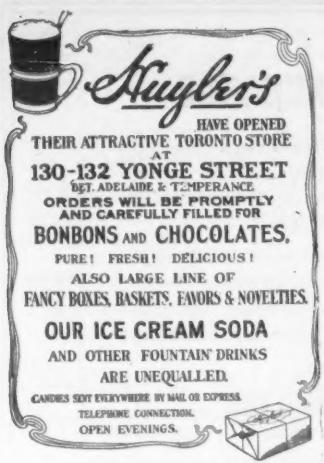
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YOUNG CANADIANS SERVING THE KING

xxvi.

MR. STANLEY C. BIGGS,
Lieutenant 113th Infantry, Marine Line, Bombay.made
from
good
grapesWarre & Co.
Oporto
Portugal

Established 1670

In Canada by
D. O. ROBLIN of TORONTO

Prescriptions

Andrew Jeffrey,

Yonge and Carlton Streets.

LOSING YOUR
COMPLEXION?

Don't allow it to fade and look years older than it should be—cause of maturation. If you don't know what your skin requires to restore it, come and see us. We've been treating fair complexions for fifteen years. If you can't come, write.

Our Face Treatments

make a poor complexion good. Remove tan, moles, patches and discolorations, restore a faded and wrinkled complexion, and the skin will be smooth, fine-grained and close-pored: cures pimples, blackheads, rashes and blotches.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR. Moles, etc., eradicated forever by electrolysis. Satisfaction guaranteed. Descriptive booklet sent on request.

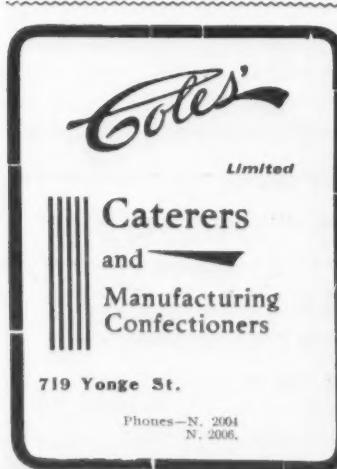
Graham Dermatological Institute
Established 1892.
502 Church St. Toronto. Tel. N. 1666

Misses Mann & Utting

Late of The Robert Simpson Co.
Dressmaking Department.

Milliners and Costumers.

113½ West King St. Phone Main 3-23.



George W. Ferrier
Prescription Specialist,
233 COLLEGE STREET
TORONTO.

MISS MORRISON
Parisian and American Millinery,
Smart Outing Hats.
Wedding and Mourning Millinery a specialty.
108 King Street W., Toronto.
Phone Main 204.

The marriage of Miss Adelaide M. Large of Walker-ville and Mr. Edward Brant Skinner of New York, will take place next Wednesday, October 17.

Mrs. G. B. Woods, 410 Huron street, receives on the first Tuesday during the season after November 1st.

Mrs. Cawthra of Yeadon Hall and Miss Perkins are going south in a day or two, I believe to Hot Springs, Virginia.

Among the crowds who have laughed at the Gingerbread Man, whose makeup is simply delightful, were, on Tuesday night, the Messrs. E., F., and B. Cox, Mrs. Cattanach, Mrs. Douglas, Colonel and Mrs. Laurence Buchan, Mr. Charles Cassels of Montreal, Mr. and Mrs. Fraser Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. Hume Blake.

Mrs. Williams gave a tea at St. John's Rectory on Thursday afternoon.

Mr. Cantley has gone to Montreal on a short visit to his parents, before returning to Winnipeg. His marriage to Miss Annie Michie will take place in the third week of next month, but at time of writing the date had not been exactly fixed.

Miss Estelle Kerr's friends have found it very well worth while climbing two flights of stairs to view some of her work, fruit of the last two years spent in Paris and Holland. Miss Kerr's studios in King street east are already taking on the tone of their artist mistress, and among the pictures which everyone likes are little Heinje in voluminous breeches and wooden shoes; La Concierge, a white-capped Frenchwoman peeling apples, and a certain blue-gowned Katje, a work-girl of Volendam. Already purchasers have selected some of Miss Kerr's work, and the earnest young artist will probably not be long without other patrons.

Lady Kirkpatrick of Closeburn is leaving on Tuesday for Montreal and Quebec. She sails for England by the *Empress of Britain* on Friday.

Several smart dinners and luncheons have been given this week, in honor of visitors in town.

Colonel Buchan was in town early in the week, and returned to Montreal on Tuesday night. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Cassels of Montreal were at the King Edward, on their way from the South, this week, and returned to Montreal on Tuesday.

His Excellency the Governor-General has accepted the invitation of the St. Andrew's Society to be present at their ball on St. Andrew's night, and I believe Her Excellency and several of the Vice-regal party will also come on for the ball. The Canadian Club banquet, at which His Excellency was to have spoken, has been set forward to the 29th, St. Andrew's eve, so that the dates no longer clash, and Lord Grey will be the guest of honor at both important gatherings. His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor has written, inviting Lord Grey and his party to stop at Government House during his visit in Toronto.

Each entertainment given in honor of Mrs. Tom Wood deepens the first impression of her charm and sweetness. On Friday she met a number of matron friends of Mrs. A. M. Kirkpatrick's at the latter lady's pretty home in Rusholme road, where a very pleasant tea was in progress, and on Tuesday Mrs. Robert Wilkes and her daughters had a number of girls, brides, and younger matrons to meet Mrs. Wood at tea at Thistledale. The newcomer has been heartily welcomed, and her impressions of Toronto should be pleasing if cordial appreciation is a pleasant thing. Mrs. Kirkpatrick introduced her guest to a large company, among whom were Mrs. G. T. Denison, Miss Glossop, Mrs. W. George, Mrs. James George, Mrs. Denison of Rusholme, Miss Jessie Denison, Mrs. Kennin, Mrs. McCallum.

Mrs. Wilkes' tea was entirely for the younger set, and was extremely pretty. The hostess bid her guests welcome at the entrance to the drawing-room, and *vis-à-vis* were Mrs. Wood and Miss Maude Wilkes, the guest of honor in a soft smoke grey gown and very chic little grey chip hat, with a couple of blue plumes at the side. In the dining-room Miss Wilkes and several girl friends and the married daughters of the house, Mrs. Carlisle and Mrs. Baldwin, presided over a very pretty table, the soft, becoming gleam of many Chinese lanterns illuminating the room, and lending quite a gala effect. A few of the guests were Mrs. Wallace Helliwell, Mrs. Chillas, Mrs. Samuel, Mrs. Davidson, Miss Jarvis, Miss Hamilton, Miss Jackson, Mrs. Winnett, Mrs. Andras, the Misses Massey, Miss Muriel Smith, the Misses Fuller.

Mrs. George A. MacAgy has removed from Isabella street and taken apartments at 40 Wellesley street for the season, where she will receive on the first Monday in the month. Her son, Mr. George MacAgy, has been transferred from the head office, Dominion Bank, to Chatham.

Professor and Mrs. McGregor Young are at the King Edward until they decide upon a suitable house, or maybe build one. Mrs. McGregor Young held her postnuptial reception yesterday from 4 to 7 o'clock.

The Woman's Literary Society are giving their Autumn tea this afternoon from 4 to 7 o'clock at University College.

Next Friday evening the School for Nurses will supply a smart graduating class, to receive their diplomas in the amphitheatre, Toronto General Hospital, at eight o'clock. A reception in the nurses' residence will follow the graduation exercises. The 1906 graduates are: Claire Eugenie Avery, St. John's, Nfld.; Lillian Ellen Bate, Scotch Block, Ont.; Alice Budge, Port Hope, Ont.; Carrie Louise Cherry, Bowmanville, Ont.; Amy Constance D'Espair, Toronto, Ont.; Ida May Irene Freeze, Doaktown, N.B.; Mary Flora Galbraith, Bowmanville, Ont.; Mary Alecia Husband, Oakville, Ont.; Florence Helen Jones, Belleville, Ont.; Jean Mabel Kinsley, Port Colborne, Ont.; Lottie E. Lawson, Sackville, N.B.; Sarah Dorothy Livingston, Point Edward, Ont.; Margaret Allen McCredie, Niagara Falls, Ont.; Jean McTavish, Napier, Ont.; Lillian Rowntree, Thistletown, Ont.; Janet Scott, Malvern, Ont.; Mary E. Switzer, Rannoch, Ont.; Mary Emma Young, Bradford, Ont.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Cayley are staying with Mrs. Richard Fuller at her residence, 391 College street.

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Mrs. Cawthra of Yeadon Hall and Miss Perkins are going south in a day or two, I believe to Hot Springs, Virginia.

On Wednesday evening a very pretty dinner was given at Government House to a beauty party of young people, at which the bride and groom-elect, Mr. Cantley and Miss Michie, were guests of honor.

The stork called on Mr. and Mrs. Percy Scholfield this week and left the gift of a son and heir.

Models of a Model House

Three of the season's leaders are shown below.

Note the exceptional value of these stylish suits.



327—Stylish Walking Suit in

Milliner Design. Coat 28 in. long, with a cuff of velvet, trimmed with self-strapping, coat has a flared back, with fancy straps on side. Lined with satin. Skirt new circular style, plain, tailor-made, in cheviot, of all colors and fancy tweeds. Range 4 Cloth..... \$25.00

320—Stylish Walking Suit,

Norfolk Design. Coat 27 in. long, trimmed with self-strapping, velvet collar and cuffs, lined with farmer satin. Skirt new circular style, plain, tailor-made, in cheviot, of all colors and fancy tweeds, also plain cloths if desired. Range 5 Cloth..... \$25.00

322—Stylish Walking Suit.

Coat 28 in. long, trimmed with fancy silk braid, and self-strapping, velvet collar and cuffs, coat lined with farmer satin. Skirt new circular style. Made in fancy black and white and grey mixed tweeds, also plain cloths if desired. Range 5 Cloth..... \$27.50

Illustrated design book on request. Mail Orders address Dept. "S."

JOHN CATTO & SON, KING STREET,
Opposite the Post-Office, TORONTO

Oculists' Prescriptions
Accurately Filled.....

Our Optical Department ministers to the eye patient with equal interest as does the doctor dispensing medical advice. Testing eyes or filling oculists' prescriptions demands the most earnest attention of the attending optician, who must be "expert" if the wearer of glasses is to receive full benefit. Our Optical Parlor is presided over by a duly qualified doctor of optics. Satisfaction guaranteed.

B. & H. B. KENT

DIAMOND MERCHANTS
144 Yonge Street, Toronto

Enquire about the new "Tropic" Lenses for Eyeglasses.

Lee's

Liola Cream

Keeps the skin clear and free from roughness and premature wrinkles.

Lee's

Violet Water

This is an original creation, very distinctive and lasting.

W. H. LEE

King Edward Drug Store

Church and Wellesley Streets and Avenue Road and Macpherson Ave.

The new deep
shape in

HAND BAGS



Made in the finest
quality of Dull Black
Goat and SealSkin,
with leather linings

\$5 to \$10.

Our catalogue of
everything that is
new in the traveling
and leather goods line
is free. Express
paid in Ontario.

Julian Sale
Leather Goods Co. Limited
105 KING ST. WEST



The Convalescent

Nature's best help in restoring
the weakened health—in bring-
ing back the sparkle in the eye,
the colour in the cheek—is a
good tonic—
such as

Wilson's Invalids' Port

—which coaxes
sleep, soothes
the nerves, gently
stimulates.

Safe, deli-
cious—can be
borne by the
most delicate
stomach. It is
the best possible
rebuilder.

A glass three
times daily.

Prescribed by
physicians all
over the world.

2 All Druggists



THE NAME
COSGRAVE
SIGNIFIES
SUPERB ALE
INVIGORATING PORTER
DELICIOUS
HALF-AND-HALF

Cosgrave Brewery Co.
NIAGARA ST. TORONTO
And of all License Holders.
Telephone—Park 140.

Varsity and the Students

ON the lawn last Monday, the great annual "scrap" took place. It was even more successful than usual, for there were several minor casualties. Ordinarily the characteristic of these Homeric encounters is that there is no danger to the person, but great damage to the clothes. It is the time when the tailor feels well repaid for his advertisement in the college publication. But this year, annus mirabilis, several of the combatants emerged from the fray not with their shields, but on them. True, there was no very serious damage done. But even a black eye gained in such a contest, though not so permanent as the sabre scars of the German students, is an honorable mark. It will gain the admiration of the landlady's daughters and will make its fortunate possessor a hero for the nonce.

This passion for personal disfigurement as a memento of the fray, whether it take the form of a network of scars, as with the German student, or merely a bruise, a paint-splashed face or torn clothes, is a strong characteristic of academic youth. It is prompted by the same enthusiasm that inspired the Flagellants of old who scarred themselves with whips. The ancient Britons, we are told, stained themselves blue with wood, to show that they were the warriors of the tribe. The "School" man uses varigated inks, but the principle is the same.

One result of the recent fatality in connection with the football practices at the University will probably be the appointment of a medical examiner for the gymnasium. There can be no doubt that occasionally men go in for more or less violent forms of athletics who are physically unfit to endure the strain. Football, particularly, is a severe test, and any constitutional weakness in an aspirant for Rugby honors is a very dangerous thing. At almost all the great American colleges there is a medical official in connection with their athletic work, and it is very probable that before long their example will be followed at Toronto.

¶

The question of compulsory gymnasium work at Toronto University will soon be coming to the front. Very many of the students get practically no exercise during the college year. Those who avail themselves of the privileges of the present gymnasium are not very many. And it is small wonder that, when the strain of the annual examinations comes, some break down completely, and many others are seriously, sometimes permanently, injured in health. The "plug" we have always with us, but if he were compelled to take, as a part of the curriculum, some light gymnasium work, he would be a better man when he left college, and would be more likely to make a success in life.

¶

Of course, with athletics of some description compulsory upon every student, the present gymnasium would be utterly inadequate. Even now its accommodation is in many respects insufficient, and with the more than trebling of the present numbers, a new building would be needed. But even so, any expense thus caused would be well repaid.

¶

It is true that the University grounds are already overcrowded with buildings, and that when the promised sites for the new Knox College, for Trinity College, for the residences and other projects are assigned, there will be very little park left. In fact, unless the grounds are extended, there will have to be a second layer of buildings suspended by balloons.

DOCTOR'S WORDS

Talks About the Analysis of Postum Food Coffee.

To the Doubting Thomases, the endorsement of a physician as to the wholesomeness of Postum Food Coffee may be comforting.

When coffee causes nervousness and dyspepsia, it's time to stop it. And there is where Postum is a true comforter. It is a warm, palatable and wholesome beverage, and at the same time is a liquid food.

Coffee does harm, not because it's well or poorly made—not because it's high or low priced—but because of the alkaloid—drug—caffeine, it contains. The habitual use of coffee, therefore, forms a drug habit.

A Buffalo physician said recently: "I have used Postum Food Coffee in my family and find it to be all that is claimed for it—a most wholesome, delicious beverage. When made and served according to directions it is cert'nly delightful and refreshing."

"I have read carefully Dr. Davenport's analysis of Postum Food Coffee, as printed on the package, which I most heartily endorse. I have been prescribing it to my patients."

The Dr. is right and there's a reason. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in packages.

to prove itself. Hon. John Dryden was engaged by the Canadians who have secured this apple for Canada, to go over to Grand Junction, Colorado, and examine Mr. Spencer's orchard there, where he found twenty-seven trees in full bearing. He learned that the oldest trees were twelve years of age, and the youngest six years. Judging the orchard as he found it, and taking the evidence of other disinterested authorities as to points that he could not judge of so early in the season, Mr. Dryden concludes that the seedless apple will be a success.

Ontario must have a deep interest in this question. We grow about 17,000,000 barrels of apples a year, and if the seedless variety is going to become the favorite on the export market, this province must early get into line for this trade. A local company has been formed to import and sell young trees, and the Department of Agriculture should look into the whole subject and post our fruit-growers early on the possibilities of the new fruit. The new apple seems to be all right, and if so, it means a revolution in the orchards of America.

THANKSGIVING DAY SERMON.

T is the custom of our latter-day Christianity to celebrate Thanksgiving Day by offering to the Prince of Peace the incense of gunpowder with a military procession.

A generation ago sham fights and army reviews usually wound up with what was known as a "feu de joie," or joyous salute, which consisted of a continuous rifle fire running down the front rank of the entire line of soldiers, and back again along the rear rank.

It was probably in reference to the "feu de joie" that a friend once whimsically remarked that when the Apostle Paul would fire a royal salute of praise he used a double-barreled gun, instancing Phil. iv: 4: "Rejoice in the Lord, always; and again I say unto you, rejoice." The anachronism is pardonable.

Certainly, the time of Thanksgiving, like the season of the Nativity, invites lively carols rather than doleful chants; yet he can never strike the true key of a "Gloria" who has not first practised a "Miserere."

"I tell you Scholar," blithely old Isaac Walton, in his "Complete Angler," makes Piscator say to Venator, "I have heard a grave divine say that God has two dwelling places—one in heaven and the other in a meek and thankful heart." And chapter and verse might quickly be quoted to prove it.

In the same discourse Piscator again remarks: "Every misery I miss is a new mercy." He is indeed a happy man who is able to be grateful for the things that never reach him. Thrice happy is he whose thankful heart magnifies those mercies which he enjoys.

What a model of gratitude was that old Puritan preacher whose modest stipend permitted him to have but a single potato and a herring for dinner. Lifting his hands piously in thanksgiving, he exclaimed with a holy wit: "Lord, Thou hast ransacked both sea and land to provide me with this feast." John D. Rockefeller would give a million dollars if he had the reverent humor and good digestion of that ancient pastmaster in the art of thanksgiving.

A venerable lady, who boasted that she had something to be thankful for in whatever condition she found herself, was once challenged to show cause for rejoicing in the fact that she possessed but two teeth. "Praise the Lord, one's just under the other," she triumphantly responded; "they grip."

How slow we mortals are to recognize our mercies. To-day a million acres of fall wheat in Ontario are verdant and full of promise. In another month or two they will be hidden by the snow. Ignorant men will say that the crop is lost, but experienced Canadian farmers will smile and say that a wise and beneficent Providence has sent that white blanket to cover and preserve the young wheat against the blasts and rigors of winter. The farmer who has grown fall wheat knows that the poet of hope wrote truly when he said:

"Under the sleet,
With its angry beat,
God is keeping his planted wheat.
Under the snow,
When the wild winds blow,
God is making the world's bread
grow."

And, remembering the bountiful harvest of this present year, and hoping for the fruition of that already in the ground, let us thank God and take courage.

THOMAS MCGILLICuddy.

Toronto, October, 1906.

THE SPENCER SEEDLESS APPLE.

THIS week we have had an opportunity to examine a dozen of the seedless apples, about which so much has been written, and which, if they prove in every way successful, will work so great a revolution in the apple business. The fruit is a good deal like the Baldwin; it has a good red color, covered with yellow dots. The great merit of it is that it has no seeds and no core. The advantage of having an apple that is all meat, and which for cooking purposes will only have to be peeled, will be apparent to all. If it can be grown as successfully as the old apple, the seedless variety owns the future.

Of course, the new apple has yet

to prove itself. Hon. John Dryden was engaged by the Canadians who have secured this apple for Canada, to go over to Grand Junction, Colorado, and examine Mr. Spencer's orchard there, where he found twenty-seven trees in full bearing. He learned that the oldest trees were twelve years of age, and the youngest six years. Judging the orchard as he found it, and taking the evidence of other disinterested authorities as to points that he could not judge of so early in the season, Mr. Dryden concludes that the seedless apple will be a success.

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THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

Paid-up Capital, \$10,000,000. Rest, \$4,500,000

HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO.

B. E. WALKER, General Manager. ALEX. LAIRD, Asst. Gen'l Manager

YONGE AND QUEEN BRANCH



The new office of the Bank, at Nos.

197-9 Yonge street, a few doors above

Queen street, is situated in the heart

of the retail shopping district, adja-

cent to the large departmental stores,

and offers special facilities to women

who shop at these stores for both

housekeeping and savings accounts.

Every convenience, including a wo-

men's writing-room, has been pro-

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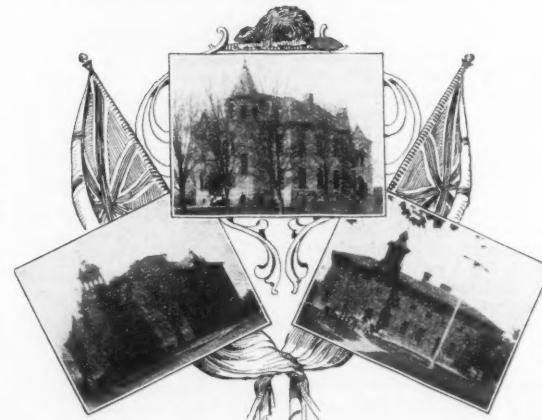
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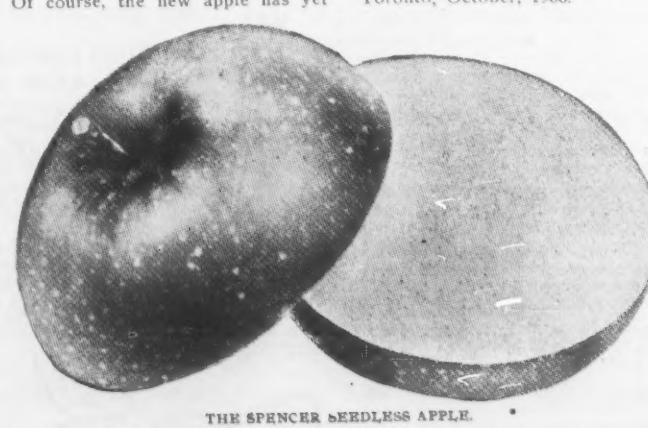
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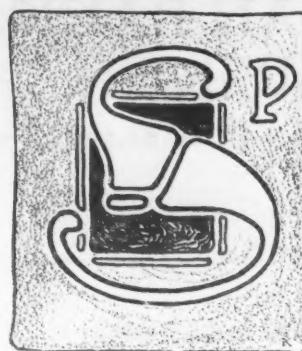
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THE SPENCER SEEDLESS APPLE.



SPORTING COMMENT

degree accounted for their success, is apparently still working overtime.

Argonauts have had the benefit of "Chaucer" Elliott's experience this Fall, and they may pluck a few of the Tigers' whiskers next Saturday. Let's hope so, anyway, for variety's sake.

Eddie Durnan the sculler, accompanied by Abe Solman, his manager, left Toronto this week for Australia, where, about the middle of March, he will row Towns for the champion's of the world. Durnan was given a hearty farewell by his uncle, Ned Hanlan, the greatest of scullers. The race will be for \$2,500 a side, and Durnan and his friends are confident that he will return in May with the championship. He will be absent nearly seven months, and all on account of a race that will last about nineteen minutes.

When the British bowlers reached home after their phenomenally successful tour of Canada they received a hearty welcome. I see by the "Weekly Scotsman" of Edinburgh that those of the forty who arrived there were warmly received. The "Scotsman," after interviewing the returned travellers, says: "Regarding the game itself in the Dominion, the members fully appreciated the fact that it has not been developed to such an extent as in this country, and that their opponents were handicapped in consequence. For instance, the condition of the greens generally is very much inferior to the general standard here. There is no ditching or banking, and the turf is not so well prepared. One of the members of the team attributed much of the non-success of the Canadians to their style of play, as contrasted with the British style. 'They drive and guard too much,' he said. 'whereas we prefer to play the bowls behind. They overlook the fact that the jack is likely to be shifted, and in that event they lose a lot of ground, through their shots not being far enough up.' In other respects the game in Canada is also different. The greens being without 'ditches,' the method of counting is different. The Britishers were inclined to object to this at first, but the colonials held that that was their style of game, and of course the visitors were not long in adapting themselves to it. There are no Corporation greens in Canada, all the matches being played on the greens of private clubs."

The boy wanted some worms for bait. He had selected a promising spot, a sandy and low-lying dell, but, though he had been digging now for fifteen minutes, not a single worm had his spade turned up.

"Here, sonny," said an old angler, "take a chunk of soap and make me a quart or two of soapsuds."

The boy brought the suds, the old man sprinkled them over the ground, and then he, in his turn, began to dig. It was amazing. Here, where the boy before had not found a single worm, the old man now discovered them in dozens.

"You can find worms 'most anywhere, sonny," said the old man, "if you wet the ground with soapsuds first. The soapsuds draws them, the same as molasses draws flies. A weak mixture of blue vitriol and water will do the same thing."—Providence "Journal."

Fish in a Mineral Spring.

A remarkable discovery of the existence of fish in a highly mineralized stream, which issues from an artesian bore at temperature of 112 degrees, is reported by our Brisbane correspondent.

Dr. J. W. Barret and his son, while out shooting on Dillalah cattle run, in Queensland, had occasion to draw a duck they had shot from a small reservoir that had been formed in the course of the bore stream. Movements in the water led to the discovery that it was alive with fish, although it had never been artificially stocked and was far distant from any rivers.

A specimen about six inches long,



JIM COSGRAVE ARGONAUT ROWING CLUB.

Winner of club championship singles and Dufferin Medal 1906.

about the largest small-mouth black bass of which there is authentic record. It has been mounted, and I called to see it at the "Star" office. There is no doubt as to its species—its length is 23 inches, its girth 17 inches, and good evidence to show that when first weighed it turned the scales at 7 lbs. 3 oz. In a recent issue of "Outing" the statement was made that the small-mouth black bass never attains a weight of more than five pounds. Many sporting writers are of this opinion, but it is entirely erroneous. Of the six fish that in six seasons have won the "Star's" prize rod, only one has been under six pounds in weight—this year's winner is over seven, and the winner two or three years ago weighed seven pounds even. The fact, then, is indisputable, eminent authorities to the contrary notwithstanding, that genuine, small-mouth, black bass attain a weight of over seven pounds, and how much heavier they become is a secret still held by our lakes and rivers.

For ten years past I have done some bass fishing, but have never caught, nor seen caught, a small-mouth bass that weighed as much as five pounds, although I have hooked some that got away—but do it again.

It will be interesting to see the first meeting between these two teams. Hamilton's team of last year is practically unbroken, and their perfect combination, which to a large

resembling a sea salmon, was secured and shown to Professor Wilson of Sydney, who has not been able to identify it.—London "Daily Mail."

The Darracq Car in Canada.

It must have been a gratifying moment for Mr. William Hyslop, of Hyslop Bros., Toronto, after just having returned from Paris, where he secured the agency for Canada, for the great Darracq car, to see Wagner, the daring driver, come in at the lead of the greatest racing machines in the world, in a Darracq car, winning the Vanderbilt Cup.

Mr. Hyslop declares it was a wonderful race, and that it was a very severe and thorough test of the durability and reliability of the mechanism of the automobile.

The fact that the Darracq won this great race will surely serve as a boon to the machine in Canada.

"And you didn't propose to her?"

"No."

"Why?"

"I was leading up to it, but suddenly noted that her voice had a sort of previous-engagement ring."—October "Smart Set."

about their probable weight, it would be profitless to talk. A friend of mine on one occasion up Parry Sound way caught a wide-mouth bass that weighed nearly 8 1-2 pounds.

Several examples of a zoological paradox—a fish which would be speedily drowned if placed in deep water—have just been added to the collection at Regent's Park, says the London "Daily Graphic." This is the African walking fish which spends the greater part of its existence upon the mudbanks of tropical rivers. Its method of progression has been described by naturalists as of the "hop, skip and jump" variety, and when journeying inland, as it does over long distances, it climbs by means of the breast fins over the roots and even into the boughs of trees. These curious creatures, which belong to an important group known as lung fishes, form a connecting link with the higher forms of life, the air bladder being converted into what is practically a lung. When the rivers dry up in the hot season they bury themselves in the mud, breathing in the air like a frog or a newt. In Australia there are several varieties of lung fishes, one of the largest, which is much esteemed as an article of food, sometimes attaining a length of six feet.

To Find Fishing Bait.

The boy wanted some worms for bait. He had selected a promising spot, a sandy and low-lying dell, but, though he had been digging now for fifteen minutes, not a single worm had his spade turned up.

"Here, sonny," said an old angler, "take a chunk of soap and make me a quart or two of soapsuds."

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in Scotch Whisky is a genuine

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because it is the most costly to produce, the most healthful and the most economical.

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(10 Years Old)

are guaranteed to be genuine Pure Malt Scotch Whiskies, distilled from the finest home-grown malted barley and thoroughly matured.

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Grand Fancy Dress Carnival
2 Cash Prizes distributed to best costumes.
2 Cash Prizes distributed to best burl-sque.

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Near Dundas St.

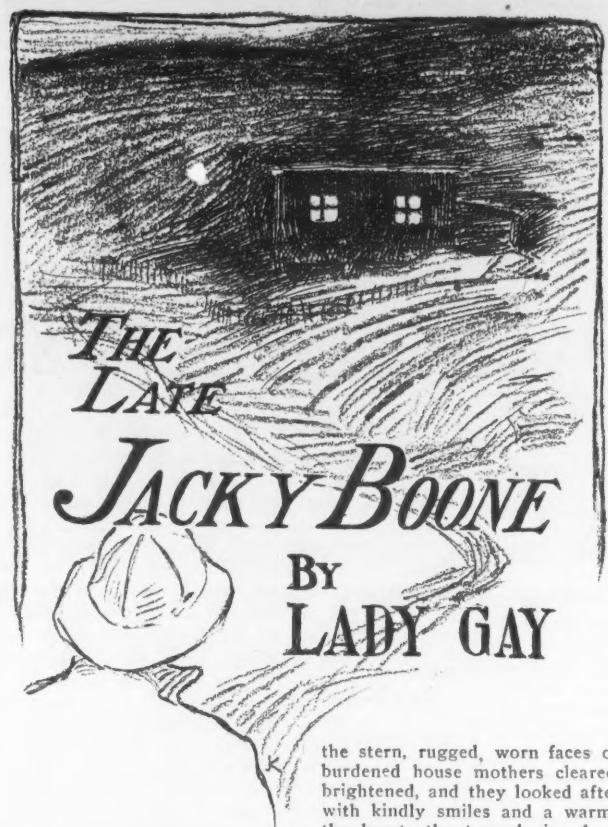
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Friday Eve., Oct. 5th
Excellent Floor Surface and Good Band.

Riverdale Roller Rink

Cor. Broadview and Queen

Three Sessions Daily. Band every afternoon and evening.
Skating Contest, Friday Evening for gentlemen only. Prize Skating Ring.
First Grand Fancy Dress Carnival Monday Evening, October 15th. 17 valuable prizes. Special attention to new beginners morning and afternoon.



JUST under the Eastern face of Blowmedown, where she fronts the Bay, with expressionless greyness, is quite the tide-st cottage in the settlement. Its builder and owner, John Boone, able seaman, and its mistress and presiding deity, Elizabeth, his wife, glories in its newness and convenience. Each day since she came to it a bride, two months ago, Elizabeth had added some little beauty of frilled window curtains, gay chintz cushions, little absurd crochet mats and home-made picture-frames. She had sown the center completely out of the big rocking-chair, and laced upon the circle of wood left on the seat a soft, easy, comforting piece of tanned cariboo skin, one of her wedding gifts from an uncle living far up on the north peninsula. The tanned seal skins from the Labrador, which made mats upon her immaculately clean board floor were another wedding gift from Skipper Abigail Morgan of the "Bella Toll," a fishing smack that had once been "La Belle Etoile," but like many another properly named thing in Terra Nova, had lost almost all semblance of her original pretty designation. The little curtains of the tiny living-room were knitted in thread by her own busy fingers, for Elizabeth was rarely idle, her abundant vitality working itself off in a ceaseless in-

punctually on the stroke of six rattled the little gate fastening in the quaint fence, and strode up the path while she, swelling with pride at his breadth and strength, at the great stride of his leather sea-boots and the swing of his brawny arms, stood dimpling and smiling in the doorway, crying, "Haste lad, supper's waitin'!" the very incarnation of housewifely promise of good. Old man Morgan's clock travelled slowly on from six to seven; the kettle was refilled and the skillet set back upon the shelf, and Elizabeth's face took on a look of fear and desperation, while her busy imagination conjured up all sorts of calamities which might have overtaken her Jacky. He might have leaned too heavy against the railing which ran beside the pathway at Lovers' Leap, and have, like the hapless pair, gone flying through space into the cruel chasm set with jagged rocks, at the bottom of which the sea washed out and in; he might have met a devil-wagon, from which even she, city woman, and accustomed to wild and reckless means of transport, always fled in unfeigned terror; he might have—but further catastrophes being beyond her. Elizabeth wrung her hands and ran down the garden path, straining her eyes down the narrow, rocky road, and clasping her hands over her wildly thumping heart. Two goats and a black sheep-killing dog, chained to a log of wood, over which he straddled as he walked, were the only living things abroad. Elizabeth walked slowly back to the cottage, sombre with apprehension. Then, catching sight of the tidy tea-table of Jacky's chair, glorious with its new chintz cushion, of all the careful preparations for his reception, a sudden hot wave of anger swept over the little wife. She bit her lips and blinked away her tears, and, with firm step, entered the cottage, picking up the teapot and setting the tea to steep with the same grim deliberation. In a few moments she had her little lonely meal ready and eaten, the tasty picked cod, the hot pancake, the steaming cup of tea, then she set the place in order, carefully removing every trace of the meal, and taking her knitting to the farthest window from the road. A soft grey haze, touched with early moonlight lay over the Bay; the water was as still as ever sea-water can be; the lines of repression about Elizabeth's mouth softened as she watched the beauty of the scene. There was a fumble at the latch of the gate, and she sprang to her feet, and to the door, just as old John Morgan, laden with a huge fish, lifted his shaggy old hand to knock on the door-post. "Oh, Uncle John Morgan, I'm so frightened about Jacky. He's never been home for tay!" she burst out tumultuously. "What's happened him?" The old man handed her the fish in silence, being wheezy after his climb up the mountain path, and Elizabeth pushed the gay cushioned chair toward him, with thanks and orders to sit and rest and not speak a word until she put her burden safely in her cupboard. Then she sat close on a low chair at the old man's side and reiterated her question: "Did you see Jacky?" "Yes, my dearie, I seen he an hour ago, with some o' the lads just got in on the 'Sly Susan,' the first of the Labrador fleet to get back, and there's always a good time when the first ship gets in, so says I, maybe Jacky's late to get back to his tay, an' maybe old John can have a chance at a talk to his missis afore he gets home—an' so me duckie, here be's I, and glad to see you looking so pretty and fine." Relief and resentment fought for the mastery in Elizabeth's heart, and finally resentment conquer'd. "It's fine for Jacky to be carousing in the town and me waitin' without me tay till half after seven," she said hotly. "I hope he'll not expect me to have a meal ready whenever he chooses to get back home." Old John Morgan sat back in the gay chintz chair and sighed a long, emphatic sigh. "It brings it all back to me," said he softly. "All that sad time I had." Elizabeth forgot her anger for a moment. "What sad time?" she asked. "Will you listen to a foolish old story," said the old man, laying his hand on her head as she edged nearer. "Then here be it, the story of the first hard words I ever had from she I loved better than my life. It was young and hasty in those days, me duckie, and had little pity nor sense when we was tormented. It was just such a day as this that the first ship came back from the Labrador fifty year ago, an' I and my comrades was givin' her welcome home, just as Jacky and the lads be doin' now, down by Skipper Biah's wharf below. Us had some whiskey, an' there never was one of our family could take more than three drinks wi'out gettin' foolish an' wantin' to sing an' argue an' holler. Why, I'll bet if Jacky takes three drinks wi' the lads below, he comes singing up here as if he owned the Labrador fleet. Well, I come home about ten or earlier, an' met my missis wi' a whoop and a hug, an' my missis were rarely mad, for her'd had supper waitin' for hours an' hours, not bein'



"an' I wouldn't be in the boots o' he for two quintal o' fish."

industry learned when she was house-keeper at the Manse in Newfoundland's only city. There, too, she had learned to use her washboard and flat-iron to such good results that she now earned cosy pocket-pence by doing up the Sunday shirts of such young bucks as could take the time and money to be fine, once a week, or such well-to-do folks as "gave out" their "starched things." Elizabeth was not slow in finding her way about, and her new neighbors were rarely proud of her faculty, her reticence, and her appearance. Her city-toned cheeks and soft, neat hair, her spotless "scolly" and tidy short gowns, above all, her nicely shod little feet pleased the women vastly. She went among them with wonderful tact, listening politely to their stories of hard times, and poverty and illness, such as they told with philosophic resignation, agreeing with their opinions and suggesting cheery thoughts so modestly and gently that

man. Her brisk, light step went from shining stove to tidy tea-table, she beat up the batter for a pancake, and with one eye on the narrow path beyond the tiny garden, fenced with woven "garden rods," as the supple little saplings are called, which are interlaced between the scantlings as guard against stray goats and hens, she set her griddle on the back of the stove to warm up, and peered into the kettle to assure herself the contents were "on the boil" for the "tay" which Newfoundlanders love. She glanced presently at the clock, old man Morgan's gift, and then wonderingly sought the doorstop, her hand shading her unbelieving eyes, when she saw the empty path far down the mountain side. "Certain he's late to his tay," said she, speaking aloud in her surprise. "I'm hopin' no ill's come to him." There were no near neighbors to whom she might run for theories or explanations; her Jacky was never late for his tay, but

A RESTFUL SHOE

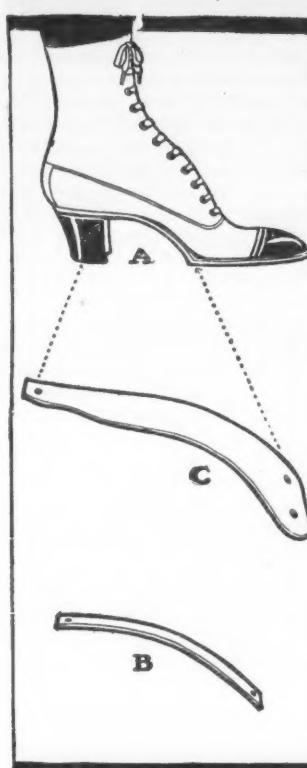
"ONE OF THE 14"

The human foot is a combination of short bones linked together and held in shape by powerful muscles and ligaments. Especially is the arch held hollow by muscles and ligaments passing from the heel to the ball. Stretch these supports and down comes the arch as flat as a turtle.

The weight of the body from above rests wholly upon the tension of these arch muscles and ligaments. They're like suspension bridge girders. If they must bear the strain of this weight constantly without support from below, the everlasting expansion and contraction make them tired and this fatigue extends to the whole body.

Illustration A shows the Dolly Varden arch as it appears above; illustration B shows the old-fashioned weak steel arch used in women's shoes; illustration C shows the newly devised Dolly Varden strong, restful, steel arch. This arch is a powerful but pliant piece of steel. With such a strip of steel sewed into the Dolly Varden arch, the foot's arch muscles and ligaments are firmly supported; the expansion and contraction strain is relieved and the bodily fatigue resulting from constant pressure on the arch is mightily reduced.

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a sensy lass as you be, that knowed no man who's late likes to have his lateness spread before him on a tay-table. Her hadn't eat her meal, an' her were hungry an' mad too. If her'd had the sense of you an' the consideration o' you, which her hadn't, poor duckie, her'd have just took no notice that things was different to the usual, but 'stead o' that, says she, "Well, John Morgan, what's the meaning o' this?" says she, "that you're not in for your tay." says she. "An' that you comes whoopin' like a wild Injin," says she, "an' drunk also, I'll be bound." An' her flounces in an' slams the door to me in face. A man's not always the patientest on airt, me duckie, an' I soon had the door open an' swung in a hot, mad. I were, an' speakin' foolishner an' worser nor she. It's a curious thing, too, that though it's the half century past since my dearie said them angry words, I can recall 'em an' they hurt me to-day, a heap more than they did that night. An' just now, when you spoke so quick about Jacky not being home an' keepin' you waitin', it somehow remembered me of them hard words. Not that you'd ever use such, bein' learned an' better mannered than me poor duckie, for all her was the best o' women, too, but just the way it happened I hopes it couldn't never happen to you an' Jackie. For us all knows, me dearie, that you bein' city-bred an' the housekeeper for the Manse, have learned to keep watch over your temper if such you will, an' that it will never be you who will say the first hard word in this home." Elizabeth's head bent low, then in a little strained voice, she said: "But, Uncle John Morgan, if my man comes home in liquor what in the world will I do?" "Do? Why, just nothing, an' in the morn's morn, you'll be very good to he w' a cup o' tay an' kind words about his head achin', an' I wouldn't be in the boots of he for two quintals o' fish," said Uncle John Morgan with a cackle. "There's nowt for makin' a man feel his

sin like a kind word an' a cup o' good tay, just you try un, me dearie," and with a pat on Elizabeth's bowed head, and a muttered "God keep me duckie," the tactful, wise old Devon fisherman went quickly away and left her alone. She sat long pondering his words, learning her lesson unwillingly and slowly, but surely all the same. And when the rattle of the latch of the little gate warned her that her erring lord was uncertainly fumbling his way in, instead of the angry, insulted, resentful upbraiding Elizabeth that might have been, there was an indifferent, unobservant and sleepy-looking wife, intent on nothing but getting to bed. And the bravado died out of Jacky's eyes and the bluster out of his voice at this inscrutable mystery of p'tinece and philosophy, and he d'srobed in subdued amazement and respectful silence, falling into immediate unconsciousness of the sobs which shook Elizabeth as she tossed restlessly, sleepless and sorry for an unwonted hour before her healthy nerves quieted into slumber. No one ever heard one word from her of what was eagerly expected to be cause of complaint and sympathy from the whole settlement, and no one but Uncle John Morgan knew what she meant when, breaking the habit of reserve with her new relatives and friends, she put her arms about his neck and kissed his still handsome old Devon face, and whispered, "You're a good friend always to Jacky and to me, and I love you," to his exceeding exaltation and delight.

LADY GAY.

Employer—The increase in the cost of meat makes a lot of difference in my living expenses! Don't you find it so?

Clerk—No, sir; my salary is so small that I've bought no meat for several years!

"You're fortunate! You won't mind it, then, if on account of the high price of meat I reduce your salary a little."—"Simplicissimus."

A
Woman's
Duty
is
to be
Beautiful

And the next and most important thing to health is the Hair. If one's health is perfect the hair will appear healthy in proportion. If not, the hair will surely reflect it. If the hair is abundant, means must be sought to preserve it, if it has become thin or prematurely grey, steps must be taken to effect a remedy.

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Points About People.

The Hon. H. R. Emmerson, Minister of Railways and Canals, recently made a canoe trip down the Severn River from Lake Couchiching to the Georgian Bay, as the guest of the Orillia Board of Trade. At the end of the trip, during which an excellent spirit of *bon camaraderie* had been established between the members of the party, who numbered thirty, the Minister was presented by one of the Orillians with an enormous cigar. Mr. Emmerson graciously accepted it as the Trent Valley Canal had been built—in sections. This Witticism provoked the apt retort that the Minister would be unwise to attempt to smoke the cigar as the canal had been built—middle section first. The present condition of the canal—open for a hundred and sixty miles in the middle and bottled up at both ends—gave point to the remark. Mr. Emmerson, however, intimated to his Orillia friends, before parting with them, that he hoped to have the northern outlet open within two years.

In *Collier's Weekly*, Mr. Richard Harding Davis has revived the memory of William Walker of Nicaragua, the famous filibuster who, thinks Mr. Davis, had the finest body of irregular troops the world has ever known. It is interesting to note that Toronto contributed at least two to this famous body of fighting men. One was Dr. A. M. Ross, who years later practised on Shuter street in this city, and who had been decorated in many countries for his achievements as an ornithologist. It was probably his enthusiasm in this direction which took him into Walker's forces. Another filibuster was an old man named McVeain, who used to sell cider in Toronto, and who was a character in his way. He was one of the party which embarked on the third expedition from New Orleans, which ended in Walker's execution. He cherished no enthusiastic reminiscences. "I went down the Mississippi River as a first-class passenger," he was wont to say grimly, "and I came back as a deck hand."

The death of Dr. A. M. Ross, to whom allusion has been made, deprived the newspapers of a fruitful source of "Saturday specials" at times when the matter of filling space was difficult. His experiences in all parts of the world from the days when he was a cub under Horace Greeley until he settled down to the practice of medicine, were of most vital interest. He was a vegetarian and an advanced radical, and a deliverer into all curious problems. The later years of his life were expended in an effort to extract the nutritive principle from grass in order that it might furnish food for man. He used to demonstrate the great saving to nations in time of war if an army could be fed from the meadows at the roadside. Perhaps his experience in Nicaragua, when Walker's supplies were cut off, prompted this thought. He wrote to Gladstone on this theme, and although the great statesman was not credited with possessing a sense of humor, on this occasion he dryly replied in his own hand that he feared Tommy Atkins would never be weaned away from his liking for beef and beer by the diet of Nebuchadnezzar.

Our American neighbors are shameless adapters of the historic jests of the great men of other countries. No joke is too well-known to escape the process of seizure and re-vamping in order to give some American politician a reputation for wit. Abraham Lincoln had a great fund of humor, and was a famous story-teller, but since his death no end of stories have been attributed to him that he knew nothing about. Even one of the best



known of these may be spurious. It may be the story of George II. and Wolfe revamped by some journalist or after-dinner speaker. The story is of Lincoln and Grant. Enemies of the latter came to Lincoln and charged that General Grant drank great quantities of whisky. "If I knew the brand," Lincoln is reported as saying, "I would send a barrel to each of the other generals." It is a good story, but there is one much older of which it appears to be the echo. After Wolfe had captured Louisbourg, he stood so well with Pitt that he was chosen as leader of the expedition against Quebec in the following year, much to the chagrin of a host of seniors, for he was young in years and in rank, but a brigadier. Wolfe's enthusiasm for the service caused some of his seniors to grumble in the King's hearing that he was mad. George II. was a good soldier, and occasionally astonished his courtiers by a good epigram or a witty retort. "Mad is he?" said His Majesty; "then I only hope he'll bite some of my generals."

Although Miss Lena Ashwell, who is coming to America this month to act in *The Shulamite*, has never acted on this side of the Atlantic, her childhood was spent partly in Toronto and partly in the neighborhood of Brockville. She is the daughter of Commander Pocock, R.N., a retired officer with a large family, which he brought to Canada to bring up. For a time the family tried farming at a lovely spot on the St. Lawrence River near Brockville, and subsequently moved to Toronto, where they resided for a time on Prince Arthur avenue. The commander was a strong High Churchman, and took a deep interest in the affairs of the Anglican communion both at Toronto and Brockville. On the return of the family to England, Miss Ashwell went on the stage, where her progress has been phenomenally rapid. Her efforts have been confined to London, where she has created nearly every strong emotional role which has been presented to the public in the past six or seven years. Roger Pocock, whose proposal for an Imperial corps of frontiersmen has attracted much attention, is a brother.

The difficulties that sometimes entangle the human tongue recently afflicted a Toronto clergyman, who explained, one hot Sunday night, that "around Jerusalem the billy hillwarks rise."

Two or three gentlemen were recently discussing the possibility of tariff changes this Autumn, and the desire that large importers have to obtain private information beforehand in order that they may speculate on commodities. This brought up a story of the late Sir Frank Smith and illustrates the rigid view he took of his responsibilities as a public man. He was a member of Sir John A. Macdonald's Cabinet, and a new tariff schedule was being arranged. At that time he was in the wholesale groceries and liquor business on Front street, and carrying a very large stock in bond. It was assumed that being "on the inside," the line he would take with regard to his bonded stock would be a safe "tip" to other firms in the same line of business. Consequently, the course his firm might be pursuing was very closely watched. At last his head bookkeeper, receiving no instructions, went to him and asked about the coming tariff, and what policy he should pursue. "You'll just have to use your own judgment," said Sir Frank; "my lips are sealed." So sincere a view did he take of his oath as a Cabinet Minister that he refused to serve his own interests.

Deputy Chief of Police Stark met a newspaper friend the other day in Toronto street. The Deputy had just passed the Receiver-General's Office. "It's a terrible thing," he remarked to the reporter, "to see 'Puff' blazoned on a Government door."

Not long ago Rev. J. E. Starr, when preaching in the Metropolitan Church, said: "We shall read from the Book of Revelation," and strode forward. He stopped, hesitated, and then said: "W-e-l-l, I guess we won't, for it is expurgated," and held up a Bible with the loose leaves falling out. A stir of amusement passed over the congregation as the clergyman took steps to secure a complete copy of the Scriptures.

"Marian Keith" is the pen-name of Miss Esther Miller, whose second novel, *The Silver Maple*, a review of which appears in this issue of SATURDAY NIGHT, has just been issued in book form after appearing serially in the *Westminster*. Miss Miller is a native of the Towns'hip of Oro, Simco County, Ontario, whose pioneer life she has so charmingly and faithfully depicted in *Duncan Polite* and *The Silver Maple*. Miss Miller was educated in the Orillia schools, and up to this summer has been a resident of that town, where she was a valued teacher in the Public school, standing at the head of the list of female teachers for efficiency and length of service. In August she came to Toronto to accept a position on the editorial staff of *East and West*, the children's paper issued by the Sabbath School Department of the Presbyterian Church. Here she will doubtless find scope for her talent as a writer of short stories, a field in which she had won recognition before essaying her first novel. Of *Duncan Polite* the publishers say that its sale, for the work of a new author, was "phenomenal," and *The Silver Maple* is likely to be even more popular, as the plot has more of subtlety and fascination. The interest taken in Miss Miller's literary work in her old home is shown by the fact that the sale of *Duncan Polite* in Orillia far exceeded that of any other book handled in the bookstores of that town for ten years at least.

In the early days of the Roman Catholic Church in Ontario, there was an Irish priest, Father Gordon, noted as much for his good works as his wit. On one occasion at Toronto Gore, he found himself in a dilemma. He was baptizing the child of a young man named Sweeney, who, when asked what name the child was to be called, replied: "Vanus, your reverence." "What!" cried Father Gordon; "why, you blackguard, I'll never give a Catholic child the name of a heathen goddess, and the worst of them at that." "Well, your reverence," said Sweeney, "that's my father's name." "You lie, youascal," said the priest, "go bring your father here." When the father was brought in, Father Gordon demanded: "What is your baptismal name?" "Vanus, yer reverence," replied the man. "Why," retorted the angry priest, "sure you never got that name at baptism." "No, sir," answered Sweeney, "I was baptized Sylvanus, but the neighbors always called me Vanus for short."

A refreshing incident occurred in Bridge street Sunday school yesterday afternoon, says the *Belleville Intelligencer*. Among those on the platform was Sir Mackenzie Bowell, an old boy of the school. In introducing Sir Mackenzie to the school, Mr. Johnson, the superin-

tendent, said: "Here is a Bridge street Sunday school boy who has held the highest office in the gift of his country. Now, children, how long do you think Sir Mackenzie has belonged to Bridge street Sunday school?" There was intense silence for a moment. Then a young hopeful in the front seat jumped up, full of explosive interest. "A thousand years," he said. The scene which ensued was not on the programme laid down by the genial superintendent.

* * *

When Hon. William McDougall was appointed Lieutenant-Governor of the North-West Territories in 1869, the half-breeds were ready for revolt under Louis Riel. The Governor was notified to keep out of the Territories, but kept on. Riel made his beginning by throwing up a barricade at St. Norbert, which the officers at Fort Garry heard about, but took no steps to dislodge men who had not yet been guilty of overt rebellion. Governor McDougall's party kept on, and two members of his staff presently reached the half-breeds' barricade. Captain Cameron, one of these officers, is said to have come up, with eye-glass in poise, and issued the haughty command, "I say, remove that blawsted fence." But the half-breeds were not awed, and the whole stupid business reached considerable proportions as a rebellion.

A Judge Who Has Done Hard Labour.

SIR John Day, who has just completed his eightieth year, is, after Lord Brampton, the most famous of the retired judges. At the Bar, which he joined fifty-seven years ago, he enjoyed a great reputation as a "verdict getter" in the Common Law courts, and shared with Lord Brampton most of the election petition work. On the Bench, from which, after nearly twenty years' service, he retired in 1901, he was noted for his severity towards criminals of the more violent type. His interest in prisoners did not, however, end with the sentences he passed upon them. It was always his practice while on circuit to visit the county prisons. On one occasion he tried the treadmill in a prison in the North, when the gaoler, entering into the humor of the situation, pretended not to hear his request to be set free. The result was that the learned judge was perspiring freely when he was allowed to complete his experiment.

Accustomed to ride, on horseback, from one Assize town to another, Sir John Day frequently sat very late at night in order to have more time for his journeys. In one Assize Court, when the dinner-hour had passed, and Mr. Justice Day showed no signs of bringing his labors to a close, a member of the Bar wrote these lines, which quickly found their way to the Bench:

Try men by night! my lord, forbear!
Think what the wicked world will say!
Methinks I hear the rogues declare
That justice was not done by Day.

To most of the evidence given before the Parnell Commission, Sir John listened with his eyes closed; one of the most successful of the many caricatures drawn by Sir Frank Lockwood during that protracted inquiry had "The Close of Day" written below it. Of that famous Commission Sir John Day is the only surviving member, his two colleagues, Lord Hannan and Sir A. L. Smith, having both passed away.

Many years ago, when Mr. Day was a "junior," he had the late Mr. Overend, Q.C., as his leader. Most of the work fell upon Mr. Day, and Mr. Overend's brief, when, after their successful fight, it was returned to the solicitor, was found to contain this endorsement:

The plaintiff as he left the court
Was overheard to say:
"I've won the day, hooray, hooray,
I've won the day, by Day.
I always thought my case was good,
Indeed I thought it splendid,
But was quite certain of the fact
When it was 'Overended.'

The Auto-Shy Horse.

HERE is a notion abroad in some quarters, apparently, that if a man brings a green colt down off the farm and drives him through the city, and if an automobile comes along and the colt bolts and smashes things, that the owner of the "devil wagon" is legally responsible, not only for the material and obvious damage, but also can be mulcted on the ground that the colt's nerves have been injured and his saleable value thus decreased.

In fact, a few months ago it was announced that such a case had been decided in favor of the colt. A Long Island horseman, having evidently read of the case in question, tried the game down in Riverhead the other day. He sued the owner of an automobile for \$200, pleading that the former's car so frightened his horse that the latter could not now be driven at night.

It was shown at the trial that the motor was handled carefully, and everything done by its driver to aid the horseman. The jury decided that as no more than this could be reasonably demanded of an autoist, the horseman had no cause for action. Plainly, no other decision was

possible, unless the motor car is to be ruled entirely off the public highway. When the driver takes all possible precautions to avoid frightening a horse, even to stopping his machine dead, the burden of protecting himself is placed on the horseman.

If his horse has such a phobia of automobiles that a motionless one renders him unmanageable, his owner has no business to court such meetings. There is plenty of prejudice against auto car owners which is amply justified. It is rather a pleasant novelty, therefore, to find justice on their side occasionally.—New York *Globe*.

"Mr. Hearst's Brains."

Mr. Arthur Brisbane, the working editor of all of W. R. Hearst's newspapers, is one of the most versatile writers in America, says *October World's Work*. He talks of editorials on economics, babies, matrimony, politics, and every conceivable subject, and these appear simultaneously in the different newspapers of the Hearst group. Mr. Brisbane's style is simple, clear, novel, and argumentative; capital letters and interrogation marks are always prominent. His father, a friend of Horace Greeley, was also an able writer and what might now be called a Socialist. He was a member of the Brook Farm community and had many extreme theories. Arthur Brisbane received a cosmopolitan education in the United States, England, Germany, and France; when he returned to New York in 1884 and went to work as a "kid" reporter on the *Sun*, he could write and speak French more fluently than English. From the *Sun* he went to the *World*, and from the *World* he was engaged by Mr. Hearst at a compensation which has so increased that it is reported to almost equal the salary of the President of the United States. Forty years ago such a forceful personality as Mr. Brisbane's would have stood before the public as the great editors of those days did. Now his financial recompense is much larger than their's but his personal fame has been swallowed up in the Hearst myth.

Uncle Sam as a nickname for the United States dates from the war of 1812. Large quantities of army provisions were stored at Troy, New York, and during the war Elbert Anderson, an army contractor, had occasion to make a visit there. The inspectors at the place were two brothers, Ebenezer and Samuel Wilson, the latter of whom was always familiarly known as Uncle Sam. A number of workingmen were one day overhauling a consignment of casks purchased by Anderson, all of which were marked "E. A.—U. S." One of the men, being in a facetious mood at the time, when he was asked the meaning of the marks, replied that he did not know, "unless they meant Elbert Anderson and Uncle Sam," alluding naturally to the inspector. As all the provisions purchased for the Government were marked "U.S." that is, United States, the name of Uncle Sam stuck. The other nickname for the United States, Brother Jonathan, although it is now rapidly falling into disuse, can boast an older and more historic origin. During the revolution, when Washington had fallen short of ammunition, he called a meeting of his staff to see whether anything could be done. None of his officers, however, was able to make any practical suggestion; so Washington declared, "We must consult Brother Jonathan, then," referring to Jonathan Trumbull, Governor of Connecticut. Brother Jonathan proved equal to the occasion, and so "to consult Brother Jonathan" immediately became a stock phrase.

At the opening of 1870 Manitoba and the Territories of Alberta, Assiniboia, and Saskatchewan contained a few hundred white and half-breed pioneers and adventurers, and a few thousand native Indians—Crees, Assiniboines, Sioux, and Mangans. To-day it has more than 750,000 settled inhabitants, and almost every train which enters Winnipeg adds to the total, says the *Winnipeg Telegram*. In 1870 a few scattered acres about the forts of the Hudson's Bay Company was all the cultivated land in the Canadian West. To-day more than 3,000,000 acres are under cultivation, and each year sees from 15 to 20 per cent increase. In 1870 a few vegetables and some small grain was raised. To-day the wheat crop alone is estimated at 110,000,000 bushels, while the root crop will approximate 10,000,000 bushels. In 1870 the buildings of this section were a few log huts. To-day Winnipeg alone erected in the past year \$10,500,000 worth of new buildings, and more than \$50,000,000 worth of grain elevators dot the country.

More than nine years have elapsed since Andree set out for his ill-fated expedition to the North Pole. The Geographical Society of Stockholm has decided to erect a memorial to him and his companions, Drs. Stindberg and Herr Fraenkel, which is to take the form of a bas-relief, erected in some conspicuous spot in the city of Stockholm. The work has been intrusted to the Swedish sculptor, Eric Lindberg, who has completed a design showing the balloon hovering over the Arctic ice regions. In one section of the design Sweden is represented by an allegorical figure watching with anxiety the balloon moving away towards the pole. The names of the occupants are carved underneath the sculpture, with the date, July 11, 1897.



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HE "Trail" is known well to politicians, miners, prospectors, ranchers, lumbermen, speculators, and a few merchants, but it is undiscovered to the tourist and holiday-maker, and in consequence affords the most princely vacation in all Canada, the prince of Summer playgrounds.

It was late in "the fifties" that Cariboo gold first beckoned with its yellow finger to "Dutch Billy," the pioneer prospector, who followed its Jack-o'-lantern dance through a hundred leagues of mountain, canyon, and table land, until it lured him to the opulent ledges of the far north, and he staked his claim where the town of Barkerville now thrives, two hundred and eighty miles north-east of the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

Then followed the "Rush." Old-timers still tell of the mad chase for treasure, of the thousands upon thousands of fortune-seekers crazed with greed that poured Klondyke-wise into the mountain fastnesses, some to starve, some to fatten, all to strive, contend, work, dig, and gain either wealth or experience. And still in this year of 1906, the golden nuggets glisten in the miners' rifles, and the stage that carries His Majesty's mails to "the Front," carries also bi-weekly the armed guard, lynx-eyed, cat-eared, seated beside the bags of bullion, his firm fingers well closed over the handle of a very real "gun" that he hesitates not to use in instant, for he is guard of the honor of the British Columbia Express Company, within whose keeping is the transportation of all the wealth of the Cariboo country.

One cannot now traverse the entire old-time trail from the Pacific to its northern reaches, for from the mouth of the Fraser River inland to the town of Lytton the old pack trail has fallen into disuse. The canyon has given place to the C.P.R., but the tourist may yet see, as he gazes across the turbulent Fraser, a filmy, cobwebby line hanging half-high of the mountains. It is the ghost of the discarded trail that in the early days was the highway from the interior to the sea.

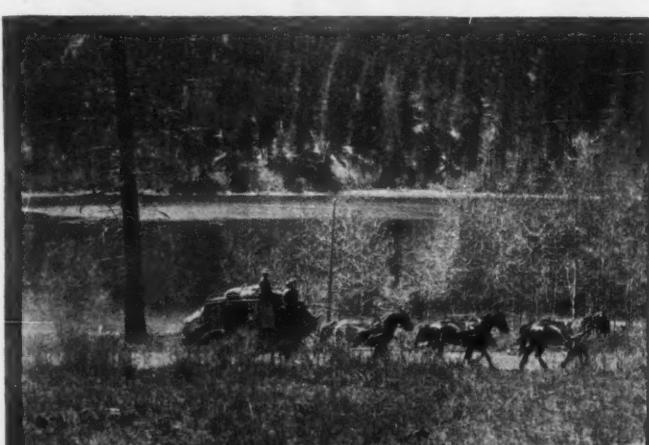
But north of the towns of Lytton and Ashcroft the railroad is meaningless. The Government of British Columbia disburses forty thousand dollars annually to keep the trail in repair, and it is without doubt the best rural thoroughfare in the Dominion. It is almost incredible that these two hundred and eighty miles of roadway should be kept in a condition that would charm the most exacting motorist, but such are the facts. Add to this the attraction that the journey is broken every twenty miles by the neatest little cedar log inns, or ranch houses, where comfortable apartments, fresh bed linen, excellent meals, and good stabling may be obtained for a ridiculously reasonable figure.

We left the train at Ashcroft. The sun was beating down from a sky of brass. The thermometer stood at 104 degrees in the shade. At all points of the compass the arid sand hills of the "Dry Belt" lifted their thirsty summits, and for five months no drop of rain had fallen. We decided that we could not get up country quickly enough. By previous arrangement that most excellent organization, the British Columbia Express Company, was ready for us. Stages are all very well, and the Cariboo stage is particularly enticing, swung as it is on the typically Western "leather" springs, and manned by a Buffalo Billish-looking person who carries a long black snake whip and tools his four or six galloping horses down the mountain passes at a rate that makes one's hair stand on end, but he is an autocrat, the custodian of King Edward's mails, and he careers through to Barkerville in the twinkling of an eye. If you wish to be your own master, it is better to give the stage a wide berth, and secure one of the light, two-seated, canopy-topped surreys, some good roadsters, and a driver from the "B. X." They will all be yours for twenty days, and if fortune favors you, perhaps your driver may be "Cariboo Billy," the best whip and "most decent, all round good fellow in the gold country." The "Cariboo" would be indeed isolated without the medium of the British Columbia Express Company, known in local road, ranching, and miners' parlance as "The B. X." The company secured its charter in 1863 by one Barnard, and was originally known as "Barnard's Express," and since that year has been the king operator and main artery to "the front." The company employs thirty-five men and one hundred and fifty horses. It owns the stage, and carries the mails, which service costs the Government at Ottawa twenty-five thousand dollars a year to maintain. It handles hundreds of tons of freight, which has to be transferred from the railway at Ashcroft to the far reaches of the north by means of enormous wagons hauled by six or eight draught horses, that cover the distance in about seventeen days. In the freighting business there is a competitive organization, the Cariboo Forwarding Company, that sends in great caravans of merchandise, both companies agreeing on their rates to shippers, of five and a half cents per pound for carriage. Here the horse is king; there are no rival means of transportation, consequently immense hay ranches are everywhere to be seen, and the price of feed is exorbitant. Hay even in cutting time is never less than twenty dollars a ton, and towards November it

doubles or trebles in value, and the ranchers who can "hold over" his hay makes a small fortune in a single season. Alfalfa is grown in some districts, and yields four crops a year, but it is little encouraged, the freighters asserting that a horse alfalfa-fed has no staying qualities.

In leaving Ashcroft, it is usually in a maze of dust and sunshine, the blistering heat following one out of the valley, cooling a trifle as one sweeps across the Bonaparte Hills, from which place hails Chief Basil, one of the Indian chiefs who visited London. The trail winds about the edge of the yellow cliffs, hanging like a golden ribbon above the yawning canyons; the silence, the vastness, the coloring sink into the senses like a benediction, while the breath of the sun-drawn sage bushes comes in heavy fragrance at every turn. It is an echo of the tropics that has wandered away from the south to curl itself and its singing in the kindred heights and depths of the Bonaparte Hills. As the journey lengthens the timber line is reached, the arid slopes disappear, and the cool forests of jack pine and Douglas fir arise on either side, to give way occasionally to thousands of acres of ranch lands or to hospitable road houses, all patronized by the "B. X." both for table and stable. Relays of horses are supplied with amazing despatch, and a "short order" meal of great excellence can be had at unheard of hours. All these road houses "raise" their own meat and vegetables, and the latter grow to unusual size, but retain a crispness and tenderness not to be met with elsewhere in the Dominion.

One hundred and seventy-five miles out, the trail touches the Fraser River at Soda Creek, where the renowned sockeye salmon may be had, served by a no less renowned Chinese chef, "Wy" by name, acknowledged



to be the best cook in British Columbia. Fifty miles further up stream lies the beautiful little Hudson's Bay post and village of Quesnel, which the trail sweeps down to from the heights, and the river margins on its rollicking way to the south. Just before entering the "Post," the trail passes the Terra Cotta Rocks, a strange formation caused by a deposit of lignite that in some way became ignited about twenty years ago. It smouldered for about twelve years, and when eventually extinguished it left the surrounding clay cliffs burnt into excellent terra cotta. The colors are gorgeous, and can be seen for miles.

At Quesnel the only telegraph line that enters Dawson City in the Yukon swerves from haunts of civilization, and outstretches its too frail wires into the wilderness, to traverse an absolutely unsettled area of close upon a thousand miles. Along this route are telegraph

stations exactly forty miles apart. They consist of mere shacks, where two men live their monkish lives. One is an expert operator, the other a line repairer. They receive the news of the entire world daily, but rarely see other faces than their own. In event of a faulty wire caused by breakage, by storm or forest fires, the damage can be located within forty miles. The two repairers start, at the same hour, each travelling towards the other. They are provided with a repairing outfit and sufficient kit. In winter the trip must be made on snowshoes, and frequently these unknown heroes are called upon to suffer hardships that can only be overcome by the most courageous.

Beyond Quesnel game becomes more plentiful. Timber wolves prowl the entire region, and jack rabbits, red deer, grouse, and caribou are plentiful. The scenery grows more rugged, the sluggish prettiness of placid ranches and wooded valleys gives place to frowning canyons and dense forests; the trail lifts, falls, and winds its way into Barkerville, then spreads like the fingers of a giant hand that touch with their tips the outlying mining settlements of Horse-fly, Last Chance, and Jack-of-Clubs.

* * *

Barkerville stands in a cup of the mountains, and stands on stilts. Erstwhile mountain torrents warned the builders to mount their houses on elevations above the street level, and the whole town has the appearance of someone raising their eyebrows. The population reaches about three hundred, many, particularly amongst the younger generation, having never seen a railway train, a steamboat, or an electric light, but their eyes are daily accustomed to the sight of bags of yellow, golden nuggets; their manners are polished and courteous, and their attire fashionable. Barkerville gold has given fortunes to many, and a fair living to many more. It is now assumed to be a "has been" town, but it still thrives and blooms, laughs, gambols, and dances in its remote world nearly four hundred miles from anywhere. The latest hydraulic mining machinery is used within earshot and eyeshot of the main street, and although the output is comparatively limited, it is sufficient to find its way in enviable quantities into the Bank of British North America at Ashcroft.

* * *

On the return journey, lovers of adventure and the picturesque generally leave the main trail at Clinton, sixty miles north of the railway, and strike due west, taking in the beautiful town of Lillooet, to reach which the summits must be crossed by "looping" up a mountain side to the height of seven thousand feet, from which point the trail can be seen coiled in six crescents, in depths from which one has climbed hour upon hour. Then comes a similar drop on the farther side. The wonderfully sure-footed horses of the "B. X." seem to gather their hoofs together at the crest of the mountain, take the bits in their teeth, and—plunge. "Cariboo Billy" grasps the reins a little more firmly, jerks his cowboy hat close above his eyes, clutches his black-snake whip, "lays it on" to the leaders, and things break loose. Every inch of the descent the horses gallop madly; bluff, steep, and crag shoot by on one side, on the other a canyon outstretches, its margin not ten inches from the carriage wheels; down, down, at a headlong, break-neck pace, until the trail unravels behind you, floating upwards like a chiffon scarf with its undulating end lost in the clouds.

The one more long, twisting ledge of roadway, that suspends itself above the Fraser River, where the waters crowd themselves into a narrow-throated channel, boiling and bickering amongst their immovable boulders, and carrying in their hurried course tons of precious gold dust, to be dredged for further down stream, by the powerful steam dredge, or to be washed out ashore by thrifty Chinamen. When Lillooet the Lovely creeps into sight, its streets an odd mixture of several nationalities, the dominating shade being the warm, tawny copper color of Chief Basil's people. One always sighs as they leave Lillooet, such beauty as its environment may never again enter into one's vision, and for many moons afterwards the ear still listens to the haunting call of the cascade showering itself down the mountain side and singing through the last half mile that shuts away the loveliest spot in Canada.

* * *

When the English monarch visits at any of his special friends' houses he usually distributes between \$1,000 and \$1,500 in tips, reports a London journal. When attending a private shooting King Edward generally presents each of the beaters a guinea, while every one of the keepers is given between one and ten guineas. When visiting at a foreign court, however, the tips distributed by the English sovereign never amount to less than \$5,000. Emperor William of Germany, while visiting in England, never spent less than \$5,000 in tips, and on the occasion of Queen Victoria's funeral he is known to have doubled the usual amount of his tipping. The Czar of Russia on his last visit to England gave a cheque of \$15,000 to the court's master of ceremonies for distribution among the servants.



CARIBOO STAGE PASSING THE BONAPARTE HILLS

MARK TWAIN'S "FIRST APPEARANCE"

FOLLOWING a musical recital by his daughter in Norfolk, Connecticut, Mark Twain addressed her audience on the subject of stage fright. He thanked the people for making things as easy as possible for his daughter's American debut as a contralto, and then told of his first experience before the public. A news despatch to the New York *Sun* quotes him thus:

"My heart goes out in sympathy to any one who is making his first appearance before an audience of human beings. By a direct process of memory I go back forty years, less one month—for I'm older than I look," he said, wagging his snowy head.

"I recall the occasion of my first appearance. San Francisco knew me then only as a reporter, and I was to make my bow to San Francisco as a lecturer. I knew that nothing short of compulsion would get me to the theater. So I bound myself by a hard and fast contract so that I could not escape. I got to the theater forty-five minutes before the hour set for the lecture. My knees were shaking so that I didn't know whether I could stand up. If there is an awful, horrible malady in the world, it is stage fright—and seasickness. They are a pair. I had stage fright then for the first and last time. I was only seasick once, too. It was on a little ship on which there were 200 other passengers. I—was—sick. I was so sick that there wasn't any left for those other 200 passengers.

"It was dark and lonely behind the scenes in that theater, and I peeked through the little peek-holes they have in theater curtains and looked into the big auditorium. That was dark and empty, too. By and by it lighted up and the audience began to arrive.

"I got a number of friends of mine, stalwart men, to sprinkle themselves through the audience armed with clubs. Every time I said anything they could possibly guess I intended to be funny they were to pound those clubs on the floor. Then there was a kind lady in a box up there, also a good friend of mine, the wife of the Governor. She was to watch me intently, and whenever I glanced toward her she was going to deliver a gubernatorial laugh that would lead the whole audience into applause.

"At last I began. I had the manuscript tucked under a United States flag in front of me where I could get it in case of need. But I managed to get started without it. I walked up and down—I was young in those days and needed the exercise—and talked and talked.

"Right in the middle of the speech I had placed a gem. I had put in a moving, pathetic part which was to get at the hearts and souls of my hearers. When I delivered it they did just what I hoped and expected. They sat silent and awed. I had touched them. Then I happened to glance at the box where the Governor's wife was—you know what happened.

"Well, after the first agonizing five minutes, my stage-fright left me, never to return. I know if I was going to be hanged I could get up and make a good showing, and I intend to. But I shall never forget my feelings before the agony left me, and I got up here to thank you for her for helping my daughter, by your kindness, to live through her first appearance. And I want to thank you for your appreciation of her singing, which is, by the way, hereditary."

Phonetic Variations.

HAT led to the breakup of Latin into the various Romance languages of the Mediterranean basin? Simply the fact that in centuries of almost universal illiteracy there was no check upon the phonetic variation which is always going on in every language, but which was in this case hastened, no doubt, by the frequent invasions into the Roman Empire of barbarian invaders and settlers, says a writer in the *Fortnightly Review*. The standard language existed, indeed, but was inaccessible either to the ear or to the eye of the vast majority of men. Pronunciation, then, shifted from decade to decade and took a different trend in every geographical section of the Latin speaking world; slovenliness and corruptions entirely supplanted standard forms the very existence of which was forgotten, and it was only when the vernacular literatures arose to give relative fixity to a certain number of the innumerable dialects that the process of degradation was checked. But to give every man the means and to concede to him the right of spelling exactly as he pronounces would be to remove the checks on degradation as completely as if he neither wrote nor spelled at all. Phonetic individualism would presently result in a state of sheer linguistic delinquency.

This, of course, is an absolutely unthinkable eventuality. Even if a truly phonetic system could be introduced it would be impossible for every parish or every county to have its own literature and its own transcription of the English classics. Linguistic crystallization would take place over larger or smaller areas. We might have, perhaps, five languages in Great Britain; the languages of Wessex, of East Anglia, of Mercia, of Northumbria and of Caledonia. But each of these languages would represent a compromise between various sub-dialects, and would be, in fact, an only quasi-phonetic standard language. And if any one imagines that the Bible or Shakespeare spelled quasi-phonetically for the use of the West of England could be read without difficulty and disgust by a Yorkshireman or a Scot (not to mention a Californian or a Queenslander), all I can say is he imagines a vain thing.

The other day in a Scotch railway train I listened to a conversation between a Cockney of the shopman class and a Perthshire grazier or gamekeeper. They had quite amazing difficulty in understanding each other. Not a single vowel sound did they produce alike, and it seemed evident to me that the process by which they did arrive at mutual comprehension was a speculative mental translation, often very slow, of the spoken into the printed word. Thus the visual word "game" formed a sort of bridge or halfway house between the Cockney's "gyme" and the Scotchman's "gaame."

The site of a spacious Roman villa in the Castle Park, Colchester, England, has been discovered in a remarkable way. The intense heat, acting upon the glass above the ruined foundations revealed an entire ground plan of the various rooms and passages.

The apartment-house trust is in evidence in New York City. In the Evening Mail is a five-page advertisement showing photo-engravings of sixty-eight apartment houses under the management of one enterprising firm.

The First Typewriter

THE first letter ever written on a typewriter has just been unearthed in Hartford, Conn. It was written by a Hartford boy, Henry W. Vail, to his sister, Miss Sarah Vail, forty years ago. It is as follows:

157 East Twelfth Street,
New York, Feb. 13, 1867.

Miss Sarah E. Vail, Hartford, Conn.

Dear Sister: I would have answered your letter before but I have been waiting for the new printing machine to be finished, so that I could send you a printed letter, the first one ever written on a machine, and let you see what a nice invention it is. The machine was finished day before yesterday, and I then operated it for the first time, but I have been practising on a dummy keyboard for several weeks in order to be handy with this, and be speedy, as soon as completed. The machine will be taken to the Paris Exposition the 26th of this month, and I expect to go with it, so if you do not come to New York until after March, I am afraid you won't see me.

With love to mother, I am
Your brother
Henry W. Vail.

The oldest machine in use to-day, according to those acquainted with the history of the typewriter, was not patented until June 23, 1868, nearly a year and a half after the letter was written. According to Mr. Vail, the "Scientific American" of July 6, 1867, published an article on typewriting machines which incited Sholes, Glidden & Soule, the inventors of the first machines in general use, to produce it, but this article was not written until several months after Mr. Vail had sent the first printed letter to his sister.

The history of this first machine is a repetition of the history of many first inventions.

In 1865, when work was begun on the machine, Thomas Hall was employed by the Florence Sewing Machine Company at 505 Broadway, New York, as an expert machinist. Employed with him was another expert, J. B. McCune.

One day, while the two were working side by side, Hall told his companion that he had contemplated building a writing machine ever since 1856, when he made his first drawings. The two then formed a partnership, Hall to supply the ideas and McCune the work.

For a year or more they labored together during their spare hours and late at night to build the first model. Then they discovered that money was necessary to complete the invention, get it patented and put it on the market, and George B. Buell, a former Hartford citizen, then manager of the sewing machine company, was let into the secret and he supplied the cash to finish the first model and to have it patented in the United States, England, France and Belgium.

About three months before the invention was completed, Mr. Vail was called in to learn how to operate it, and he practised so diligently on the dummy keyboard that on February 11, 1867, when the finishing touches were put on the model he could operate it faster than the fastest penman could write.

The inventors of the instrument were jubilant. The three partners in the first enterprise expected to become enormously rich.

Just as soon as it was completed Mr. Vail and the machine began a tour of this country and Europe, but although the typewriter was shown to capitalists none of them was willing to put any money into the venture. Clergymen, editors, financial magnates, lawyers and professional men in every line inspected the new invention, but shook their heads over it, and while they declared it to be wonderful, none of them could see any practical use for it.

The first man, according to Mr. Vail, who took to it at once was Horace Greeley, whose penmanship was notoriously poor, and who, when Mr. Vail rattled off an article at his dictation, jumped up delighted, exclaiming:

"With one of these machines I can write so that any person can read it, and I must have the first one made."

There and then he ordered one.

The Rev. Absalom Peters of New York was another enthusiast over the machine. He had written so voluminously that he had writer's cramp in his right hand, after which he had learned to write with his left, until it too became affected so that he could not write at all.

When he saw the first typewriter he was enthusiastic, and at once began to practise on it by holding one hand in the palm of the other, and stiffening the fingers of the gripped hand. Soon he was able to strike the keys in that position, and he at once told Mr. Vail that he must have the first machine made, as he needed it even worse than Editor Greeley. He died before the perfected typewriter was built.

For several weeks Mr. Vail operated the machine for Henry Ward Beecher, then editor of the "Independent," and directed the wrappers for the magazine, doing the work of six girls. When he had demonstrated the utility of the invention the girls were up in arms, declaring it was a scheme to put five of them out of work.

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was a clerk in the office at the time and took especial interest in it, but neither he nor Mr. Beecher became interested in the invention financially or expressed themselves as desirous of owning a machine.

The first public exhibition of the machine was at the office of John Pondir in Exchange place, where many capitalists first saw it. From there it journeyed over to the office of George Francis Train in Pine street.

Elias Howe, Jr., the inventor of the sewing machine, and several other Connecticut capitalists had a chance to back the enterprise, but while the scheme was still in the air Mr. Buell, who had furnished the money so far, and who fancied that he was already a millionaire, became involved in some financial trouble in New York and dropped out. That was about the end of the attempt to exploit it.

According to Mr. Vail this first machine was similar in appearance to a

Remington, but there was no roller, as on the modern typewriter. The paper was placed under the machine in a flat carrier, which fed the space of a letter or character upon the stroke of each key, but each letter and character had a space of its own and not all were alike as now. In this first machine all the letters were capitals and there was no shift key.

Miss Mary A. Hudson was the first woman typewriter. At the time of the completion of Mr. Hall's model she was employed in the Florence Sewing Machine Company's office and learned to operate the typewriter as soon as it was finished.

Mr. Vail never learned what became of the old machine or of its inventors for many years until some time ago he met Mr. Hall in New York. Mr. Hall asked him if he had kept any letters written on that first model, and he returned to this city, where, after rummaging among his mother's things, he came across the

letter, which had been carefully treasured.

According to his story, the only reason why Mr. Hall was not better known in the evolution of the machine and why his model was not adopted was that the world was not quite ready for the invention and the inventors did not have the means to push it.

Knew How to Manage a Horse.

A friend writes to the "Newport News," of an automobile incident which came under observation, which shows how easily the horse with any sense can be made acquainted with the machine.

A gentleman owned a fine horse which was terribly afraid of the big, bouncing vehicles. The owner had not used the horse for some time because of this fear, but finally ventured out with him. He had not gone far before an auto

appeared in sight. The horse soon became unmanageable.

The auto stopped and the woman alighted, approached the horse and seized his bridle. After talking in a quiet way to the frightened animal she took from her pocket some candy and gave it to him.

In a few moments she told the man to start on. This was done and the horse let the auto pass him without showing any sign of fear. Since then he has had no fear of these vehicles, but instead of this he wants to go up to the side of one he chances to meet, doubtless hoping to get some more candy.

"Rubbering" in Mexican Theaters.

Perhaps the most strikingly odd of anything an American girl who has never before been so far from home sees in Mexico is the way the men "rubber" at the theaters. Between acts they will put on their hats, stand

by their chairs, pick out a particular girl, shift their opera glasses until they get the proper focus, and gaze steadily at her until they get tired.

It seems never to occur to them that it may be embarrassing for the girl. Indeed, they mean it as a compliment, for Mexican men act on the theory that not to look at a girl is to imply that she is not worth looking at. And they certainly live up to this theory.—"Modern Mexico."

The weary tramp with the red beak halted in front of the wayside cottage. "I called, mom," he announced, "because I found dis sample package of dyspepsia tablets down the road."

"Dyspepsia tablets?" snapped the woman with the broom. "What have I to do with dyspepsia tablets?" "Why, er—I thought maybe you might give me something to eat that would gib me de dyspepsia so I could test dem."

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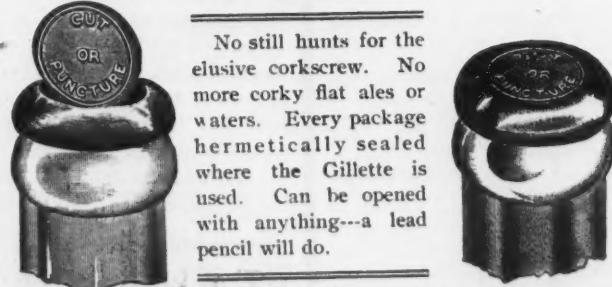
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Lady Gay's Column

FUNNY things quite often come through the letter-box, and sometimes the joke is on us—the editorial us—of course. Several weeks ago, in an adjacent column, a correspondent was told to kindly read the rules, she, Mademoiselle Clementine, having broken a very Medo-Persian one. That week the column happened to be made up with the rules turned upside down, and, promptly through the mail came the following funny remonstrance:

Sweet Clementine, you have a task, I wonder how you'll do it, However any soul could ask The darling to go through it!

O, Correspondence Column, how Upset the fair one mussed be, To hear the task assigned her now By you, erstwhile so trusty.

Fair Luna's man must look away He must not see the action, Else when she gets upon her ear, He'll die of stupefaction.

In order that they may be read (I see no other means, o) She'll have to stand upon her head Please don't make her careen so. —Nervousness.

"What is an optimist?" inquires a youthful correspondent, who evidently isn't near a dictionary. An optimist is a wise person, my blessed kid, who, if he finds conditions impossible, thinks no more of them—a person who is generally all to-morrow and no yesterday, the prince of pretenders, who knows the game in all its phases, and plays it well to the great relief of his own soul, and the heartening of his neighbors. The optimist nearly always comes out ahead of the game, his quality discounting all odds. Instead of howling at pain and trouble, he laughs at it. One must have some expression of opinion, and his sense of humor suggests his choice. He views grim rocks through a piece of prismatic glass, and lo! their forbidding outlines are bordered with rainbows! Every soul to him is precious, promising and predestined to the happiest of hunting grounds. His is a smiling philosophy that turns aside woe and disaster as trifles which no one should spend thought upon. And after all is said and done, our joys and sorrows are just as large and as small, as the way we look at them! My small correspondent naively adds to her question, "Are you an optimist, Lady Gay?" Toots, my small one, don't be asking questions that would turn the sods over one's grave—just watch and you'll soon find me out!

She was a very primitive little girl indeed, who watched the devil-wagon, with alert eye and muscles strung for flight, but held still by her wonder and curiosity. There was something to be adjusted, and we loafed about, waiting until the bright-eyed youngster attracted us. She was the sort of child one has an instinctive desire to "draw out," and whom one always asks for his or her name. Carefully keeping us between her and the minister, she responded to our friendly advances. "And what's your name, little girl?" said he, taking the words out of my mouth. "Newry, sir," said she smiling, frank and unafraid. "Newry—what sort of name is that?" queried he, laughing. "Please, 'tis not me whole name—only part, for short. Me whole name is Neuralgia. Me mither saw the word, and

LOOSE TEETH

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Proper food nourishes every part of the body, because Nature selects the different materials from the food we eat, to build bone, nerve, brain, muscle, teeth, etc.

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If someone would ask you, "Is Grape-Nuts good for loose teeth?" you'd probably say, "No, I don't see how it could be." But a woman in Ontario writes:

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"A little Grape-Nuts taken before retiring soothes my nerves and gives sound sleep." (Because it relieves irritability of the stomach nerves, being a predigested food.)

"Before I used Grape-Nuts my teeth were loose in the gums. They were so bad I was afraid they would someday all fall out. Since I have used Grape-Nuts I have not been bothered any more with loose teeth."

"All desire for pastry has disappeared and I have gained in health, weight and happiness since I began to use Grape-Nuts." Name given by Postum Co. Battle Creek, Mich. Get the famous little book, "The Road to Well-Being," in packages. "There's a reason."

Editor's Daughter.—July 11 brings you under Cancer, the crab, the paradox of the twelve. Your writing shows the clutch of the true crab-person, and the erratic impulse which

liked it, and made me name of it," quoth the child, with serious nods and eyes quick to resent our criticism. And as we whirled off along the shore, Neuralgia stood quietly regarding us as if to say, "Well, there's no fault to be found now, I hope." And we didn't laugh so long as she could hear, but by and by we had a jolly cackle, while I regretted we hadn't asked her other name.

Suppose you had a great longing for a draught of Tokay—the wins of Hungary, that sends new life into the dying, that warms the sluggish blood of age—suppose, if you know not the charm and magic of Tokay, you even craved the "bubbles in the glass," the ordinary or garden brand of extra dry, and suppose some one were to offer you in the stead of what you asked, a cup of tea? Suppose how you'd feel if you took it, the anti-climax, the derision of soul, and you'll know how we felt when we had sat through the programme our Yvette Guibert gave us on Monday night. The expurgated exhibition of Guibert, a thing the young person might placidly be taken to listen to, the pretty frock, the chic white pompadour coiffure, the quaint French gown of a half century ago, or the English country lady's garb, all very gracefully worn; the songs very prettily sung, sugar instead of frankincense and myrrh! And we saying things unfit for publication, as we wriggled exasperatedly, and recalled the meagre, slender little girl, bony in her youth, and yet, touching our very souls with her passion, her delicate suggestion, her abandon of pathos, or recklessness, or tragedy, or horror. In vain a party of Frenchmen cried out for one of the old-time recitations in the old-time way. They have made of our Yvette a graceful, pretty, dressed-up person, truly chic and clever yet, but walking on the level, almost the commonplace, instead of standing alone, unique upon the heights. One holds the memory of that other Yvette very close and warm to-night, while the pompadour lady, truly charming, truly interesting in her pose and mobility, does her various pieces. What joy could the red curtain part once and the slim, red-haired girl slip between, and, with her little neck-ruff suddenly caught round her face like an old lady's cap, and her slim arms crossed quaintly, give us grandmother's "regret," or with mighty magnetism make us see and hear the sadness and the squalor and the misery of certain characters she made known to us once before. Now and then her mobile face took on a look so tragic as to recall her former masterpieces, par example, in the song of the drummer boy, but Yvette of today has not the mastery of Yvette of a dozen years ago. Perhaps they like her better in the expurgated, without the diablerie, the desperate depths of long ago? Perhaps! And perhaps we may be some of us singing grandmother's little song this hour, "Combien je regrette." And such do you praire, Messieurs et Mesdames, "eau sucree" or "eau de vie"?

LADY GAY.



The above Coupon MUST accompany every graphical study sent in. The Editor requires correspondence concerning the graphical studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2 Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondence should not take up their own, and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps, or post cards are not required. 4. Send to the Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by Coupon are not studied.

Rebecca.—Care for detail and rather keen observation are suggested, and clear sequence of thought also. The writing is rather lacking in ease and graciousness. The will and purpose are strong and decided, and the general disposition practical and material. It seems as if you enjoy praise and flattery, and sometimes, perhaps unconsciously, pose for it. There is good sense of humor, discretion and caution, capacity for affection, and some originality. Writer would probably be neat, orderly and deliberate.

Jeanne.—No vocation could be more honorable and worthy than yours, good mother. October 10 brings you under Libra, a sign whose daughters are apt to be careless about financial matters, very generous, timid about danger to their friends or children, sensitive to inharmonious surroundings to such a degree as to be made sad and silent, and often be accused of sulkiness and inconsistency.

A Libra woman is averse to cruelty and dislikes to know of even the killing of a hen; she is dainty and cleanly, capable of wonderful psychological development, enthusiastic, impetuous, original and often highly gifted.

The most rarified air is her natural element, and so she has a right to soar high. Great recuperative force and a strongly optimistic trend are hers, but, as in your case, she can be a pessimist. The scales tip low as well as high, Libra. May you have strength and judgment to hold them even.

Cynicus.—Toots, man! What's wrong w/ you? Judging from your remarks, I'd say you were the worst old woman in the lot. Go and buy a microscope and find your own soul, my bonny fellow, and leave mine and the old women's alone. I nearly said "the other old women," you got me so warm with your uncivil talk about the sex. I'm glad you got it out of your system, anyway. Judging by your writing, you're too fine a man to be poking and prying and saying mean things about women. Did they all refuse you? or (whisper!) have you caught a Tartar, poor man? I'd have guessed you were a Gemini—none like them for warping in their middle age, unless they take themselves in hand with honest discipline, and I never met a warped one yet who didn't feel certain all the rest of us were out of plumb. An old age full of suspicion and mistrust for you, if you continue to look for evil so foolishly.

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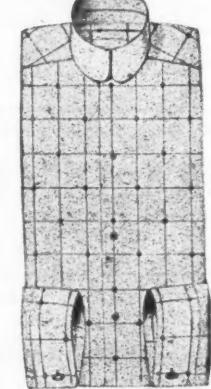


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THE DRAMA

THE coming of Toronto's favorite actor, Mr. E. S. Willard, in a new play is always a notable event, and his presentation at the Princess next week of Mr. Michael Morton's dramatization of Thackeray's novel, "The Newcomes," is being looked forward to with the keenest interest. Thackeray's discursive style, which, in "The Newcomes," is especially pronounced, makes it a most difficult matter to embody the essentials of the story in the direct form required for stage production, but Mr. Willard is said to be particularly pleased with the result that has been obtained. He has also given unusual attention to the setting and costuming of this play. The opening scene of "Colonel Newcome" is in the Colonel's library, and Mrs. Mackenzie, his new housekeeper, and her daughter Rosey, have just become members of the household. The kindly, valiant old soldier has returned from India after a lifetime spent in service with the army. His fine, simple qualities are those which Mr. Willard so happily portrays in most of his successful characters. The Colonel has a profound affection for his son Clive, who is in love with his cousin Ethel. The designing housekeeper is set upon making a match between her daughter Rosey and Clive.

In the first act Colonel Newcome is pressed to become a candidate for Parliament to represent the town of Newcome, though modestly reluctant to do so.

The second act takes place in the ballroom of Lady Foreham's house, where there is a brilliant assembly, and where the Colonel meets for the first time in thirty years, Madame de Florac, the love of his young manhood and the ideal of his after life. This charming, quiet, affecting incident is illustrative of the loyalty of love cheated of wedded happiness by the tyranny of "family considerations" to which Clive himself is presently subjected. A talk between Clive and Ethel, in which their mutual affection is revealed, is interrupted by Lady Kew. Ethel's obdurate old grandmother, who seizes the occasion of the Colonel's plea for the young people to make a formal announcement of Ethel's betrothal to Lord Farintosh. This leads to an outburst of honest indignation on the part of the Colonel, who denounces Sir Barnes Newcome for his duplicity and dishonesty in the affair, and Mrs. Mackenzie improves the opportunity to further her plan to secure the rich Colonel's only son and heir as Rosey's husband. Sir Barnes is the Colonel's opposing candidate for the Newcome seat in Parliament, and the Colonel, whose popularity is such that his election is sure, further enrages Sir Barnes by declaring the fact that he, the Colonel, has determined to stand for Newcome. In the third act the Colonel has been triumphantly elected, and the marriage of Clive and Rosey is about to be solemnized. Ethel, who has broken with Lord Farintosh, comes unexpectedly as one of the guests, and both the Colonel and Clive learn too late that they have misjudged her, but after a charming scene, in which each one, repressing all personal feelings, prepares for duty, the bridal party sets off for church, intending, after the ceremony, to return for the wedding breakfast. Fred Boyham has remained behind, and, while he is alone with old Martin, the butler, a messenger from the bank of which Colonel Newcome is the responsible director arrives to report that owing to Sir Barnes Newcome's revengeful action, obligations have been forced on the bank that mean the Colonel's ruin. The Colonel is sent for, and comes, to learn that only by the sacrifice of his entire private fortune can his honor in the financial world be protected. Without the slightest hesitation he decides on the only course consistent with his ideas of a gentleman's duty—but the news of the disaster must not be allowed to cloud the wedding festivities. After the breakfast is over, the servants must be paid off, the house closed and everything put on sale. The fourth act is something more than a year later. Rosey has died, leaving a child; the Colonel, Mrs. Mackenzie, Clive and the infant are living desperately in mean lodgings; the only hope of income is from the possible sale of Clive's paintings, and Mrs. Mackenzie, whose avaricious and termagant nature is revealed is making life intolerable to the Colonel. Ethel is the unsuspecting angel of the household. It is she who secretly buys Clive's pictures and is contriving a plan to insure the ease and comfort of the Colonel. She comes to pay a cheering visit just after Mrs. Mackenzie, in one of her vicious outbursts, has accused the Colonel of taking the bread out of the child's mouth, and overwhelmed him with the conviction that the charge is true. So while the others are at dinner the Colonel puts on his old shawl and worn top hat and, throwing a kiss with his tremulous hand toward the room in which his dear ones are, goes feebly out of the house. All trace of him is lost for weeks. In the meantime, Ethel, who has at last secured the money for his comfortable independence, and Clive, aided in the search by Madame de Florac, have been seeking him anxiously. One afternoon, toward the evening, they come into the court of the Grey

friars, the scene of the Colonel's schoolboy days. There, among the long-cloaked pensioners, the romping schoolboys and the idling visitors, they discover the Colonel, garbed as a pensioner. He has been ill and is only now able to come feebly into the sunshine of the court. The meeting, in which joy mingle with humiliation, is almost too much for the spent forces of the old soldier. There are some moments of tenderness, in which the Colonel tries to put on something of his old zest of kindly good humor, when the beadle calls out that the gates are closing and that visitors must retire. The three are to call to take the Colonel away to-morrow, and they say lingering and tearful farewells as the Colonel, sitting on a bench under the trees, leaning forward on his stick, mumbles and mutters incoherent memories of the days when he was a schoolboy here. He thinks the roll of the boys is being called, and when his name is reached he makes an effort to rise, scarcely lifts from the seat, and, in weak, thin voice, repeats the old response, "Adsum" and sinks back, his head drooping on his shoulder.

"Colonel Newcome" will be presented at the Princess all next week. For the second week of Mr. Willard's engagement he will play a number of his old-time favorites, as well as the fine, strong Kipling sketch, "The Man Who Was."

Andrew Mack, as "Shaun the Post," Dion Boucicault's engaging Irish comedy drama, "Arrah-na-Pogue," will be the offering at the Grand next week, with a special matinee on Thursday (Thanksgiving Day). Mr. Mack, who is in the front rank of Irish comedians, will be supported by a company of well-known actors and a chorus of twenty picked male and female voices, who will be heard in all the choruses of Mr. Mack's latest songs.

Now that Mr. Mack has developed so much ability as an actor, it may be of interest to know that in his earlier days on the stage it was his singing rather than his acting that won him his great popularity. Music is not neglected even now, for if Mr. Mack did not sing in "Arrah-na-Pogue," his thousands of admirers would be disappointed. Boucicault's well-known comedy-drama furnishes natural and abundant opportunity for the introduction of songs. Boucicault himself provided for vocal music, and, although the fact is not generally known, the words of the famous song, "The Wearing of the Green," were written by him for this play. There will be four other songs introduced in the performance here. They are modern songs, in that they are the product of a present-day composer, but nevertheless they reflect, both in words and music, the spirit of the play.

Mr. Mack is what may be called a natural composer, in that the melodies that he creates come to him without effort. When the first verse of a new song comes to him he sits down to the piano with a copy of the words before him, and before he rises the musical setting has been practically completed. Those who listen to the swinging rhythms of the songs in "Arrah-na-Pogue," will readily agree that Mr. Mack is not alone a successful actor, but a successful composer of pleasing and catchy music.

Next week George Fuller Golden will be the headliner at Shea's. Mr. Golden has not been seen in Toronto in several seasons. As a special attraction, Jean Bedini presents "A



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week, when "The Gingerbread Man" held the boards. This bright, fairytale is about the best of the musical extravaganzas to come our way, and it deserves its popularity. Some changes have been made since it was given its initial production last year in Toronto, but it has lost nothing in crispness and jollity.

During the latter half of the week large audiences have been attending the popular old-time English comedy, "Charlie's Aunt," in which clever comedian, Mr. Etienne Girardot is appearing as principal.

In "The Girl From Broadway," at the Grand this week the burlesque element is rather over-exaggerated. Grace Edmondson, in the star role, is good, much too good for the company. The performance is of the hedge-podge hurly-burly type. There is a constant change of scenes, however, and the play, another "musical comedy," has unquestionably the virtue of being low priced.

The programme at Shea's this week is remarkably good, including the Toozomin Arabs, the sensational tumblers and equilibrists; the Zingari Troupe, a band of musical gypsies; Welsh, Merle and Montrose, who give a funny performance as stranded circus people; Seymour and Hill, grottoque dancers; Gertrude Mansfield and Carlyle Wilbur, in an amusing sketch; Egbert Van Alstyne and Louise Henry, in a musical turn, and Taylor Holmes, monologue artist.

In producing a western play in a Western town, the theatrical manager has to keep his eye on the fine points. "The Virginian" was produced at Moose Jaw last week, and the "Times" says: "Throughout the play Trampas swaggered about with a gun, apparently a 44 Army Colt, stuck in a pocket which would not retain it for five minutes on the back of the average cayuse."

Encomiums still pursue Miss Catherine Proctor, the Toronto actress, who is this season with Julia Arthur. The New York "Dramatic Mirror" says: "Broadway, a part of whose anatomy when turned upon strangers

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is a notoriously congealed face, has nevertheless a cordial bosom, after one of its occasional thaws. To this bosom it has taken warmly two strangers, and one who by reason of his long absence is a stranger to the latest crop of matinee girls. One of the trio is Catherine Proctor, a girl with the picturesquely dark beauty of Julia Arthur, and a stage temper that if carried over into daily life would make her the queen shrew of twenty metropolitan blocks. On the contrary, I am informed, that she is a "nice girl," a close student; comprehensively a girl, who merits all of advancement that can come to her.

"Zira," in which Margaret Anglin won success last season, is now being given by a stock company in Chicago at popular prices. It has been definitely announced that this year Miss Anglin will star jointly with Henry Miller in "The Great Divide."



ANDREW MACK
As "Shaun the Post" in Arrah-na-Pogue, at the Grand, next week.

October 13, 1906

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

15



OVERS of high-class orchestral music will be glad to know that the New York Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Walter Damrosch, will give a concert at Massey Hall on the 25th inst. They will be heard a second time during the season at the National Chorus concerts.

Leoncavallo, the composer of "I Pagliacci," with an orchestra announced to be from La Scala, Milan, will appear at Massey Hall on Thanksgiving Day, the 18th. Two programmes will be given—afternoon and evening—which will include selections from Leoncavallo's new opera, "Roland of Berlin" and "Zaza" and "Medici." There will be five solo vocalists, viz., Signoritas Pizzini, Cali and Ferrabini, and Signors Percy and Belat.

Mr. Harold D. Phillips of Boston, who may be remembered by his masterly playing of the organ when he was musical director of St. Paul's, New York, so eminently successful under sole management of Maude C. Bradley, the concert director of Brockville, Ont. Miss Grace Murray, Toronto's popular reciter, accompanist Miss Bateman and Mr. Parlovitz on the entire tour.

Mr. A. E. Retsell, a pupil of Mr. G. W. Harrison, has been appointed to the position of organist and choir-master of St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, Cobourg.

Judging from the notices I have received from the impresario, Mr. London Charlton, there is a probability of both Mme. Gadski and Mme. Sembrich being heard here this season.

It is not easy to understand how the general public can properly appreciate the talent of an artist who sings or recites in a foreign language, if they have not had the opportunity of reading a translation of the words. Mme. Yvette Guilbert, however, who appeared in association with Chevalier, the singer of "coster songs," was greeted by an enormous audience on Monday night at Massey Hall, and, although there were very few books of the words to be obtained, and the supply of house programmes ran short, she received very flattering demonstrations of approval. The enthusiasm which she aroused was not so spontaneous as that which met Mr. Chevalier, who sings in the mother tongue and whose well-known delineations of humble types of London people appeal to human sympathies. Mr. Chevalier once more repeated his former successes in "My Old Dutch," "The Future Mrs. Awkins," and also made good in "The Veteran" and other novelties. His enunciation is scarcely so distinct as it used to be, but most of his songs were familiar, and there was no difficulty in following these. Mme. Guilbert is a most accomplished artist of the vaudeville class—that can be appreciated. But it would savor of affectation to say that those who are not profound French scholars could recognize all the finesse, or the vitality of her recitals, for she is really more of a reciter than a singer. Whether her gestures, her delivery, and her facial expression were always appropriate must be judged by those who know French or had translations of the words.

The Besses o' th' Barn, the Lancashire brass band of international fame, returned to Toronto on Wednesday evening, and opened an engagement of four concerts at Massey Hall. The weather on Wednesday was very depressing and there was not a large audience. The band played a popular selection with remarkable distinction of tone and execution, even if, owing to the greater part of the hall being unoccupied, the dynamic effects were occasionally overpowering. In any case, in soft effects, they have hardly reached the standard of the Black Dike band as at present constituted. They have skilled soloists on the cornet, trombone and euphonium, and their performances were among the most successful numbers on the programmes.

Miss Alys Bateman, the English soprano, was given an excellent musical education by her father, himself possessed of a tenor voice of remarkable quality, but was not permitted during his life to adopt singing as a profession; she often, however, sang for charities, and arranged many concerts—one of them in aid of the funds of the Northeastern Hospital for Children, of which she remains a life governor. After her father's death she sang to Mr. D'Oyley Carter, who at once engaged her for the part of "Elsa" in "The Gondoliers." Her family objected, and a forfeit for breaking the contract was paid and she was sent abroad, residing in Madeira for a few years. There she made many friends, among them the late Empress of Austria, who was much interested in her singing. On her arrival in England she was coached by the best masters, and had the services of the accompanist to Patti, Alboni and Melba. When Alys Bateman made her debut in May, 1903, St. James Hall was crowded, and her reception was far beyond her most

sanguine expectations. Since then she has sung, repeatedly at the Albert Hall, and originated the idea of the Union Jack Club Concert, 1903, at which the King, Queen and Prince and Princess of Wales were present. Among the successes which have given her the greatest pleasure was the reception she had at the recent Clara Butt concert in Bristol, when she was recalled many times for her singing of "Caro Nôme," and after singing an encore was recalled again and again, arousing the audience to remarkable enthusiasm by her finished and effective methods. Critics pronounced in such a performance as few modern vocalists could have achieved. Her present work includes a transcontinental tour of Canada and the United States with the gifted young pianist, Eduard Parlovitz, who is so rapidly making a great international name for himself, and who has the honor of having introduced to America this gifted prima donna in the recent Spring tour in Canada and Northern New York, so eminently successful under sole management of Maude C. Bradley, the concert director of Brockville, Ont. Miss Grace Murray, Toronto's popular reciter, accompanist Miss Bateman and Mr. Parlovitz on the entire tour.

Mr. Rhind Jamieson, baritone, will give a song recital in the Guild Hall Saturday, 27th inst. He will be assisted by Miss Carolyn Beacock, soprano, and Miss Grace Hastings, a brilliant violinist.

Mr. Barnby Nelson, tenor, a pupil of Miss Marie C. Strong, has been appointed soloist at the Elm street Methodist Church.

The Central Methodist Church choir will give a grand concert on Thanksgiving Day, October 18. The artists will be: Mr. George Fox, solo violinist; Mrs. I. J. Dilworth, soprano; Miss Lillian M. Kirby, contralto; Mr. Frank Bremose, tenor; Mr. Hartwell De Mille, Baritone; solo-organist and musical director, Mr. Arthur Ingham. Concert will commence at 8 p.m.

The first practice for the season of the Oratorio Society was held on Tuesday evening in the Gerhard Heintzman Concert Hall. There was a most enthusiastic turnout of the members, and the way in which "Judas Maccabeus" was taken up by the singers must have been exceedingly satisfactory. The chorus is considerably larger than in former years, and, as far as could be judged from a first rehearsal, the quality of tone produced was exceptionally good. The committee of the society have decided to make this year's concert one of the memorable events in the history of oratorio in Canada, and have about completed arrangements for the appearance of eminent soloists from New York, and in this connection considerable interest will be taken in the announcement that Mr. Dan Beddoe will sing the tenor role. The orchestra will be composed of Toronto musicians, and will be reinforced as usual by the large organ in Massey Hall. The secretary announces that singers who wish to join the chorus may do so by applying to Mr. Sherlock at his studio at Nordheimer's, 15 King street east, either personally or by phone.

Rehearsals of the first programme of the Boston Symphony Orchestra began under Dr. Karl Muck on Monday, October 8, and the first public rehearsal and concert took place on Friday afternoon and Saturday evening respectively. Dr. Muck's introductory programme was Beethoven's Symphony in G minor, Wagner's "Siegfried Idyll" and his prelude to "The Meistersingers of Nuremberg." Interest in the orchestra in Boston is greater this year than it has ever been before, this having been proved in a substantial manner by the receipts from the auction sales for the season. The conviction steadily grows that in securing Dr. Muck the Boston Symphony Orchestra has brought to America a man of all men fitted to be at its head. Dr. Muck brought with him to America the score of Paderewski's new symphony, which is to have its first performance in Boston on January 4 and 5. In the next week it will be played in Philadelphia, Washington, Baltimore, New York and Brooklyn. It is said to be a very modern in tone and of great orchestral brilliancy. It fairly bristles with technical difficulties. Paderewski will be present to hear it played, for he is to be the soloist with the orchestra on that occasion.

The violin recital to be given in the music hall of the Conservatory of Music on Wednesday evening next, the 17th inst., by Mr. Von Kunits, promises to be a most artistic event. Mr. Von Kunits has several times been heard in Toronto in connection with the concerts of the Mendelssohn Choir, but not as yet in a special recital. The programme selected for this occasion includes Tartin's "Devil's Trill," Bach's "Air in G," Paganini's "I Papi," and other solo pieces by Beethoven, Schumann, Spohr, Franz Jaksch, Vieuxtemps and an original work by Mr. Von Kunits. Two num-

bers will be contributed by Miss Jessie Allen, solo pianist, and the accompaniments will be played by Miss Eugenie Quenon. The plan of the hall is now open at the office of the Conservatory of Music, where seats may be reserved.

The Toronto College of Music will give their annual concert in Massey Hall on Monday evening, October 29.

Mr. George Dixon, a graduate from Mr. Sherlock's studio, has accepted the position of tenor soloist at St. Andrew's Church, where Dr. Norman Anderson is organist.

One of the musicians who does believe in books as an aid is the eminent Hungarian violinist, Arthur Hartmann, who is to tour the United States and Canada this season. The "Musical Courier" prints a translation of an interesting article from a Budapest daily paper on Hartmann's method of teaching, from which it appears that if he finds a pupil deficient on the intellectual side he gives him a book of essays to read. At first the pupil is apt to rebel at this sort of instruction, and cannot possibly conceive what it has to do with spiccato bowing or double stopping on the violin; but he soon finds out. Among Hartmann's latest compositions is a Hungarian rhapsody dedicated to Fritz Kreisler, who will play it on his next tour.

"The Mascagni of his time" is the rather felicitous name given to Spontini by a London "Opera-Goer." He was only seventeen when he won his first success, and several of his operas "flew like lightning over the peninsula." But he outlived all his successes, and died forgotten at his native town, Majolati. His chief work, "La Vestale," was revived the other day at Beziers, one of the Southern French towns where the Romans left their architectural mark; but it is not likely to come into vogue again. Spontini was the man who advised Wagner not to write any operas because he himself had said the last possible word in that line!

Professor Karl Skraup has another plain talk about Cosima Wagner's Bayreuth in the "Allgemeine Musik-Zeitung." "Parsifal," the Cosima co-terie claim, can be performed properly only at Bayreuth. Supposing this to be true, says the professor, why don't they perform it properly? Wagner's chief demand was that there should be, at every moment, a close connection between the music and the actions and gestures, as well as the song of the artists. To this demand, says Professor Skraup, very little attention is paid at Bayreuth today. The orchestra is wonderful. The sixty-four strings, for instance, seem like one instrument. The chorus had no conception of the importance of following the action and the music. The choruses of the Knights were sunk without expression, and the sufferings of Amfortas did not seem to concern them in the least. There was no dynamic difference between the choruses sung above the hall and those in the cupola itself. "It would appear, after all, that Siegfried Wagner lacks the ability to handle a chorus to inspire it with life and feeling, and to arrange picturesque groups." The singers were for the most part poor actors and not always remarkable as singers. But Bayreuth is fashionable and profitable, nevertheless. "Art goes after bread," said Lessing, but so far as Bayreuth is concerned, the professor concludes, the world has a right to expect that financial considerations should not prevail over everything else.

We have been hearing a great deal during the month about the new Carnegie-Roosevelt spelling. It is not a subject of directly musical interest, though there is always the dread prospect of having the psalter and the hymn book turned into phonetics. How would it look? The thing, I find, has really been tried; and that, too, before the Scoto-American opened his dollar bags in aid of the scheme. Last year, for example, a Glasgow man issued a selection of hymns which out-Roosevelts Roosevelt in the matter of phonetic spelling. Here is the opening verse of a familiar hymn done into this Pittmanese:

"THE HERALD ANGELS."

And suddenly ther woz with the aught a multitudi of the hevenli host prazing God and saing "Glori tu God in the hiest, and on erth pes, god wil toward men."

Hark! the herald anjelz sing, "Glori to the nu-born King, Pes on erth and mersi mild, God and sinerz reconzild!" Joyful ol ye nashune riz, Join the triumf of the skiz, With the anjelic host proclaim, "Crist iz born in Bethlehem."

I have said a familiar hymn, but in this guise one hardly knows it. On the whole, I think that we had better keep to the accepted spelling.—Musical Opinion.

CHERUBINO.

The Montreal Branch of the "Salada" Tea Co. had delivered to them through the mail a few days ago a letter addressed as follows:

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AN E C D O T A L



The other day a certain lady hastened to the nursery, saying to her little daughter: "Minnie, what do you mean by shouting and screaming? Play quietly, like Tommy. See, he doesn't make a sound." "Of course he doesn't," said the little girl. "That is our game. He is a poor coming home late, and I am you."

The visiting clergyman, addressing the little folks at the children's service, became impressive. "Only think, children," he said, "in Africa there are ten million square miles of territory without a single Sunday school, where little boys and girls can spend their Sunday afternoons. Now, what should we all try to save up our money for?" The children (unanimously): "To go to Africa."

There was a little Scotch boy who had the quality of astuteness highly developed. The boy's grandmother was packing his lunch for him to take to school one morning. Suddenly, looking up into the old lady's face, he said: "Grandmother, does your species magnify?" "A little, my child," she answered. "Awful, then," said the boy, "I wad juist like it if ye wad tak' them aff when ye're packin' my loonch."

A well known comedian one day while fulfilling an engagement in Dublin was walking with his wife, a remarkably stout lady, when an Irishwoman with a basket brushed rudely against her. "You had better walk over me," said the comedian's wife, irritably. The Irishwoman turned round, coolly surveyed her from head to foot, and then replied, "Faith, m'm, it would be easier to walk over ye than round ye, anyway!"

Crossing from Folkestone to Boulogne the other day were two well-known members of the legal profession, a judge and a barrister. The latter was suffering silently but sorely when the judge happened to drop against him as he leaned disconsolately over the taffrail. "H'm; You don't seem quite at home here," remarked his lordship. "Can I do anything for you?" "Yes," gasped the seasick lawyer, "I wish you would overrule this motion."

General Phil Sheridan was at one time asked what incident in his life caused him the most amusement. "Well," he said, "I always laugh when I think of the Irishman and the army mule. I was riding down the line one day when I saw an Irishman mounted on a mule which was kicking rather freely. The mule finally got his foot caught in the stirrup, when, in the excitement, Pat remarked: 'Well, begorra, if you're goin' to git on I'll be gittin' off!'"

Ambassador Choate tells a story of the Bishop of Rochester, England, the divine who was so fond of cricket that he used to play the game with an expert local team. It appears that one day when the Bishop was batting the bowler pitched very wide. "Please keep the ball in the parish!" commanded the Bishop, testily. The next ball the bowler sent in caught the reverend gentleman full in the waistband, whereupon the bowler observed: "I think that's somewhere about the diocese, my lord."

A certain man was recently very sad because his wife had gone out of town on a visit, which she would not shorten in spite of his appeals to her to come home. He finally hit upon a plan to induce her to return. He sent her a copy of each of the local papers with one item clipped out, and when she wrote to find out what it was he had clipped out he refused to tell her. The scheme worked admirably! In less than a week she was home to find out what it was that had been going on that her husband didn't want her to know about!

An office boy who was the greatest success as a failure and the greatest failure as a success that was ever seen was on one occasion sent to Richard Harding Davis' rooms to get some "copy." Pretty soon was heard a clatter of feet on the stairs and in burst the boy entirely out of breath. "What's the trouble? Wasn't he there?" was asked. "No, sir, he's not there," he said. "He and the joint's all locked up."

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ladies and gentlemen, that I'm not the man referred to in this paper. It must be someone else, for there is no one here who does not know that if I had two faces I would wear the other one."

The first thing Fritz Scheff did when she got back from her European junket, some weeks ago, was to hunt up Victor Herbert, the composer of "Mlle. Modiste," and hand him a photograph she had stumbled upon in an old curio shop in Dresden. The picture, yellow and faded with age, shows the members of the Court Orchestra at Stuttgart, in 1885. In the cellist's corner of the group is to be found the now famous musician as he looked at twenty-five. Herbert to-day, as Toronto musicians know, is of leonine build. In the photograph he is rather lean of face, and though of compact frame, gives no promise of the rubicund figure that is now his good fortune. Report says the composer first laughed and then cried at the sight of the familiar faces in the picture.

Some humor was interjected into a case in a magistrate's court in Germantown. Two local lawyers were representing plaintiff and defendant, and became excited and somewhat personal in their argument. Matters proceeded to such a pitch that the lawyers began to call each other names. "You're an ass!" said one to the other. "You're a liar!" was the quick retort of the opposing attorney. Then the magistrate, in a very dignified manner, said, "Now that the counsel have identified each other kindly proceed to the disputed points."

A lady in a certain Canadian city had a cook upon whom she set great value. Her only objection, indeed, to the girl was her large visiting list, and she hesitated to make too strong an objection thereto through fear of losing the girl's valuable services.

Referring to the advent of a new admirer, "I should like to know, Flora," said the lady, "why your latest caller keeps such a deathly silence when with you in the kitchen?" The girl grinned broadly. "Oh, mam," said she, "as yit the poor fellow is that bashful he does nawthin' but ate!"

The Rev. Amos Fletcher was a keen and accomplished naturalist. His specialty was a quite remarkable knowledge of different classes of fungi. His enthusiasm, however, was indifferently appreciated by certain members of his parish, and one day when calling upon one of them, old Miss Locke, he was considerably embarrassed when she reminded him of the exact length of time that had elapsed since he last paid her a visit. He began to make excuse for the delay when she cut him short. "If I was a toadstool," she said, with grim irony, "you'd have been to see me long ago!"

The bill of \$25,000 that Dr. Frank Billings presented to the Marshall Field estate for seven days' treatment of the dead millionaire comes to more than \$3,500 a day. At that rate Dr. Billings' income would be a million and a quarter a year. A patient of a certain famous eye specialist, coming to pay his bill, growled.

"Doctor, it seems to me that \$500 is a big charge for that operation of mine. It didn't take you over half a minute." "My dear sir," the other answered, "in learning to perform that operation in half a minute I have spoiled over eleven pecks of such eyes as yours."

Rudyard Kipling dined on one occasion with a party that included several other well-known writers—a fair proportion of men and women, who knew something about literature, and a large number who knew little and made up for their lack of knowledge with pretense. Several of the last described kind started a useless discussion concerning spellings, pronunciation, etc., and one, firing his remark straight at Kipling, said: "I find that 'sugar' and 'sumach' are the only words beginning with 'su' that are pronounced as though beginning with 'sh'." Bored though he was Kipling's politeness did not desert him, and, assuming an expression of interest, although his eyes twinkled behind his glasses, he asked: "Are you sure?"

Alexander Harrison, the well-known painter of marine pieces, was once asked if he thought American art students did well to come abroad to study. He said that undoubtedly the atmosphere was more artistic in Europe than in America, but that Paris, as a city to study and work in, was overrated. To illustrate his meaning, he said that a certain rich man's son, after three years in Paris, wrote home to his father in St. Joseph, Missouri: "Dear Father—I have made up my mind to set to work. Please let me know at your earliest convenience whether it was painting, architecture, or music I came to Paris to study."

On one of the Southern railroads there is a station building that is commonly known by travellers as the smallest railroad station in America. It is of this station that the story is told that an old farmer was expecting a chicken-house to arrive there, and he sent one of his hands, a newcomer, to fetch it. Arriving there the man saw the house, loaded it on to his wagon, and started for home. On the way he met a man in uniform with the words "Station Agent" on his cap. "Say, hold on. What have you got on that wagon?" he asked. "My chicken-house, of course," was the reply. "Chicken-house be jiggered!" exploded the official. "That's the station!"

Though all talk about the chap, Who can point out the chap? Nobody knows him, so nobody can. Our friends rank much higher than he does, you know. Our enemies rank, on the whole, far below. And, as for ourselves—let us say what is true. What man doesn't hope—I will leave it to you. That he is not in the mysterious clan of "Homo Ignotus" the Average Man? —New York "Times."

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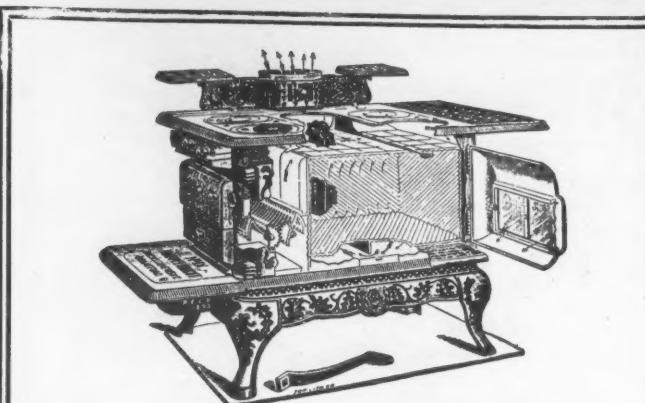
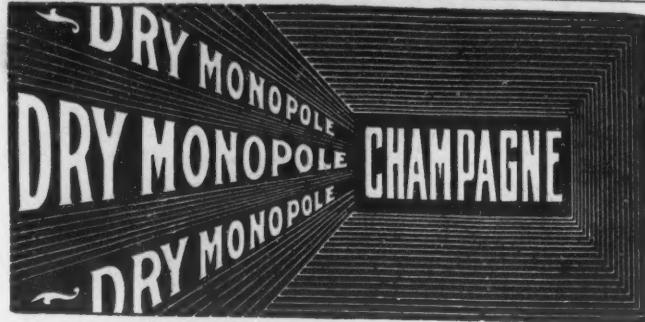
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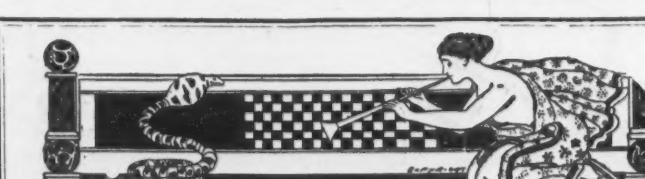
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BOOKS

UDYARD KIPLING'S new book, "Puck of Pook's Hill," has just been published by the Macmillan Company of Canada, Limited, Toronto. It easily ranks with the finest work from Kipling's pen. At the outset the reader fears that it is a work for children only, but as he reads on, it takes a grip of him, and when he has reached the end he wishes for another volume of it. In this book Kipling takes the small section of country near his own home in England, and in successive chapters he calls back to life the various great personages who once lived and loved, fought and fell on those hillsides. He weaves story after story, and carries the reader back to the old days when the Romans "kept the wall" against the Picts and the "winged hats" who came at them from the sea. It is a splendid piece of literary craftsmanship, and suggests better than anything Kipling has produced for a long time, what treasure he may yet have in reserve.

The Musson Book Company, Limited, Toronto, is bringing out a series of small books, suitable for a half-hour's reading. They are called the little comic masterpieces. Each volume contains a short story, in large, readable type, and nicely illustrated. "A Good Samaritan" by Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews, and "Breezy" by J. George Frederick, are two that have just been put on the market. One often reads a capital short story in a magazine and never sees it again. This series of slim books rescues such gems and makes them available for the library.

"Success Nuggets" is the title of a little work by Orison Swett Marden, editor of the "Success Magazine" (Thomas Y. Crowell & Co: New York.) In short, snappy sentences, the author tells why some men get along and why some do not. There is a vast deal of worldly wisdom compressed in this small volume. He has chapters on "Does Education Pay?" "Why He Did Not Win Out," "Why They Are Poor," etc., etc. Here is the chapter in full dealing with the question: "Why He Was Not Promoted," and it gives the manner and purpose of the volume:

He watched the clock. He was always grumbling. He was always behindhand. He had no iron in his blood. He was willing, but unfitted. He didn't believe in himself. He asked too many questions. He was stung by a bad book. His stock excuse was "I forgot." He wasn't ready for the next step. He did not put his heart in his work.

He learned nothing from his mistakes. He felt that he was above his position.

He chose his friends among his inferiors. He was content to be a second-rate man.

He ruined his ability by half-doing things.

He never dared to act on his own judgment.

He did not think it worth while to learn how.

He tried to make "bluff" take the place of hard work.

He thought more of amusements than of getting on in the world.

Familiarity with slipshod methods paralyzed his ideal.

He thought it was clever to use coarse and profane language.

He did not learn that the best part of his salary was not in his pay-envelope.

Those who read "Duncan Polite," the captivating story with which Marian Keith entered the ranks of Canadian novelists, will be gratified to learn that her second essay into the field of fiction, "The Silver Maple," published by the Westminster Company, Limited, Toronto, is marked by an even greater surety of touch in dealing with the home life of the pioneers in this country. A new author's first novel is generally regarded dubiously. If it is without distinct merit, the public hastily concludes that the writer is unworthy of future consideration. If it proves successful, the same public is likely to cherish doubt as to the author's ability to produce another book as good. When it was rumored that Ian Maclaren was writing a sequel to "Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush," people all over the world who had been moved as seldom before by the pathos of this beautiful piece of writing, expressed the earnest hope that he would not disturb their memories of the delightful characters which he had drawn. They looked upon the book almost in the light of an inspiration, not as an intellectual effort, but as the complete expression of something that a man had had near his heart for years, which he had told, and which would be weakened by retelling. But Ian Maclaren wrote a better book. In her first novel Marian Keith followed the lead of J. M. Barrie, Ian Maclaren, Ralph Connor and other successful writers, and set herself to make her work a life-like picture of certain types of real flesh-and-blood people. Until recent years Canadian fiction was colorless. Stories were written purporting to depict certain phases of Canadian life, but they were written without understanding, and so were neither characteristic nor redolent of

the native soil. "Duncan Polite" was truly typical, and was written, also, with quite admirable craftsmanship. So, naturally, it was recognized as savouring of the "real thing." "The Silver Maple" confirms the promise contained in her first novel that Marian Keith possesses capabilities that should enable her to rank as one of the large figures in the making of a distinct Canadian literature, a lack of which has long been bemoaned by certain poetic souls who have contented themselves with prattling "airy nothings" on the hilltops instead of helping, like Ralph Connor and some few others, to lay the foundation with strong, lasting material. We have reason to hope that Marian Keith will do something very fine, perhaps even great.

"The Silver Maple" is a story of the homely life of the people in one of the early settlements in Oro township, near Lake Simcoe. The writer has lived among the descendants of these fine, sturdy people, and knows thoroughly their difficulties, their sterling qualities of character and the old-world traditions which governed the lives of most of them. The little community in which the scene is laid was divided into Scottish, English and Irish sections, and the troubles arising out of the race prejudices of these people, of the distrust of the Catholics and Protestants of each other, of the dread of Fenian raids or of Orange domination, which, to the MacDonalds of Glencoe, was something equally to be abhorred, are faithfully portrayed. Scotty, the orphan hero, a grandson of Big Malcolm MacDonald, the leader among the fiery Scotch spirits, finds, when he goes to school, almost to the breaking of his boy's heart, that he is not a MacDonald, not even a Scotchman, but one of the despised race of Englishmen, "to be classed with the English crew that lived on the Tenth, and whom, everyone knew, the MacDonalds despised." The description of the school gives sufficiently the setting of the story:

The building was situated in a hollow made by a bend in the Oro River; to the north among the green hills surrounding Lake Oro was the Oa, a district named after a part of Italy, and there dwelt the Highlanders; all MacDonalds, all related, all tenaciously clannish, and all such famous warriors that they had earned the name throughout the whole County of Simcoe of "Fighting MacDonalds," a name which their progeny who attended Number Nine School strove valiantly to perpetuate.

From the low-lying lands at the south; a region called the Flats, which sloped gently southward until it sank beneath the blue waters of Lake Simcoe, came the Irish contingent, always merry, always quarrelsome, and always headed by young Pat Murphy and Nancy Caldwell, who were the chief warriors of the section.

And over the western plains that stretched away from the banks of the Oro, on a concession locally "The Tenth," lived a class of people whose chief representative had been overheard by a Highland enemy to say, as he named the forest trees along his path to school, "that there's a 'hoak,' an' that there's a 'hash,' and that there's a 'helm.'" Though he bore the highly respectable and historic name of Tommy Tucker, he was forever branded as "Hoak Tucker, and his two innocent brothers were dubbed respectively, 'Helm' and 'Hash'."

One more nationality was represented in Number Nine—who approached the schoolhouse with the rising sun behind them. They were Scotch to a man; what was more, they proclaimed the fact upon the fence tops and made themselves obnoxious to even the MacDonalds, for after all they were only Lowlanders, and how could the Celt be expected to treat them as equals?

During school hours a truce was preserved, all factions being united against a common foe; but as soon as school was dismissed the lines of demarcation became too obvious to be overlooked. The outlandish Gaelic MacDonalds spoke when among their brethren, their irritating way of gathering clan-like for the journey home, always aroused resentment in the breasts of the assembling Murphys. So five o'clock fights had long ago become one of the institutions of the school, and in the winter when the big boys were present the encounters were frequent and sanguinary.

But before Scotty had left the little school and the little backwoods settlement to enter the great world, it was becoming plain that the heterogeneous Oro elements were merging into a common stock, with their interests centering in the land of their adoption—becoming, in short, Canadians.

"The Silver Maple" spreads its branches over the humble MacDonald dwelling, and the tale chiefly touches the MacDonalds themselves and their Scottish neighbors.

The plot hinges on an engaging romance, and the story is rich in the qualities that have made Ralph Connor's books so deservedly popular—crisp humor, pathos and fine spiritual insight. It is full of compelling realism and wholesomeness.

Dr. Wilfred Grenfell, whose heroic and romantic labors for the bodies and souls of the North coast fishermen has become so well-known, has been fortunate in the kindly light that has been thrown on his work by several books on Labrador that have appeared during the past two years. It is really worth noting that three years ago Labrador was an almost unknown country, but with Norman Duncan's "Doctor Luke," and his two subsequent books, and a book by Dr. Grenfell himself, and Dillon Wallace's "Lure of the Labrador Wild," which combined have sold over 70,000 copies, those bleak coasts have become thoroughly familiar, not only to Canadians, but to people all over America. In response to queries the publishers of these five books report that they have reached the following figures: "Doctor Luke," 31,000; "The Harvest of the Sea," Dr. Grenfell's own story, 8,000; Norman Dun-



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Going Oct. 25th to Nov. 6th To Penetang, Midland, Lakefield, all points Severn to North Bay, Argyle to Coboconk, Lindsay to Haliburton, Madawaska to Depot Harbor, Muskoka Lakes, Lake of Bays and Magnetawan River points.

RETURN LIMIT, DEC. 8, 1906.

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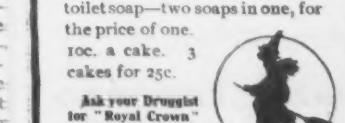
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Leoncavallo, the great composer, comes to Massey Hall for two grand holiday concerts on Thursday afternoon and evening next. He will be accompanied by the famous La Scala Orchestra from Milan, numbering over 60 players, and splendid assisting vocalists, including Signoritas Rizzi, Cali, and Ferrabini, and Signors



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Percya and Belat. Selections from the composer's works will be given, including the familiar "Pagliacci," also "La Boheme," "Zaza," "Medici" and "Roland of Berlin."

Ruggiero Leoncavallo, who has just arrived in this country, under the management of Cort and Kronberg, to conduct the famous operatic orchestra from La Scala in Milan, is a typical Italian, full of enthusiasm and magnetism.

Leoncavallo is a man of letters, as well as composer and conductor. Recently he was chatting about his hero, the famous Italian poet Corducci, under whom he mastered the art of poetry in order to write his own libretti.

"Tweeds and Worsted."

Of this class of material, a splendid showing is made at the new establishment of "Vogue Tailoring Co." 9 West Adelaide street.

Thanksgiving Day.

Another chance to visit the "old home" and enjoy a ramble through the woods or over the farm, or perhaps a little fishing or shooting, is offered by the Grand Trunk Railway System for the National Holiday, and the liberal rate of single fare for round trip, with limit of sale October 17 and 18, good returning until October 22, will no doubt be appreciated. To avoid delay at stations, passengers should purchase tickets in advance at City Offices whenever possible. Toronto City Office, northwest corner King and Yonge streets.

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"Here is an account of another beggar who died in apparent poverty, and after his death it was found that he had several bank books and some valuable securities."

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Mr. Charles M. Henderson will sell at his art gallery, Nos. 87-89 King street east, on Tuesday afternoon, at 2:30 o'clock, a very valuable collection of oil and water colors, comprising over 100 pieces by the following artists: Ormsby, Brown, Perre, Washburn, Vickers, Hall, Marmaduke, Mathews and others. No art-lovers should fail to attend, as the sale is positively unreserved.

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Opposite King Edward Hotel

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

A brilliant wedding took place in Maple street Methodist Church, Collingwood, at one o'clock on Wednesday, when Miss Clara Playford Telfer oldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Y. Telfer, became the wife of Mr. James Herbert Porter of Toronto, the Rev. H. Y. Civine, pastor of the church, being the officiating clergyman. The church was beautifully decorated. The bride wore a gown of chiffon cloth en Princesse, with yoke of lace and seed pearls, and bertha of rose point and Duchesse lace. She carried a bouquet of Bride roses and lily of the valley. The maid of honor, Miss Beatrice Telfer, sister of the bride, wore a Princesse gown of white silk mull over yellow silk, and carried a bouquet of white chrysanthemums. The bridesmaids were Miss Eleanor MacDonald of Winnipeg, Miss Rosamond Telfer, a cousin of the bride, and Miss Muriel Stephens. The best man was Mr. Norman Cosby of Toronto. After the ceremony a reception was held at the home of the bride's parents. Mr. and Mrs. Porter left on the 4:10 train for a two weeks' honeymoon, the bride's going-away gown being a green and blue tweed suit, trimmed with velvet and gold, with small hat to match.

Mrs. W. A. Beal (Gertrude Perry) will receive for the first time since her marriage, at her father's home, 27 Walmer road, on Friday afternoon, October 19, and afterwards at Sussex Court, on the first and second Tuesdays each month.

A correspondent writes: "There was general rejoicing at 37 Spruce street, the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Hutchison, last Tuesday afternoon, when the Stork visited them, and left a healthy boy and girl weighing respectively 7 and 8 pounds."

Dr. and Mrs. Charles G. Treble have removed to their new home on the corner of College street and Palmerston Boulevard. Mrs. Treble will not receive until after the New Year.

Mrs. C. Everett Hoffman of Berlin, who has been spending some weeks with friends in the Maritime Provinces and in Ottawa, was in the city a short time on the way home.

Mr. Eytom Williams of Barrie is now living in town, having been appointed manager of the Standard Bank's new branch on Yonge street.

Mrs. H. J. Brady (nee Burton) will receive for the first time since her marriage at 74 Hepburn street, Tuesday, October 25, afternoon and evening.

Mrs. J. Herchmer Poyntz (formerly Miss Ruby Ross) will receive for the first time since her marriage, with her mother Mrs. Ross, at 47 Howland avenue, Tuesday, October 16, afternoon and evening, and afterwards on the second Friday of each month at her apartments, 269 Albany avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Galley, 26 Walmer road, will celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of their wedding on Tuesday, October 16, and will be at home from 3 to 6 p.m.

Mr. and Mrs. Lionel Pilkington of England spent yesterday with Lady Kirkpatrick. Mrs. Pilkington was Miss Beckett.

The Children's Aid Society have secured the services of Mr. William Duncan as Inspector and Superintendent, and Mrs. Duncan will act as Matron. Mr. Duncan has been an Elder in Chalmers' Presbyterian Church, and Assistant Superintendent in the Sunday-School for a number of years, and has been a teacher in the Sunday-School in the Central Prison. Mrs. Duncan has been a member of the Board of the Haven, and Honorary Primary Secretary of the Ontario Sabbath School Association. Both Mr. and Mrs. Duncan have by their previous training in Christian Work been well fitted to carry on the work of rescue amongst the neglected and abused little folks of our city. Mr. and Mrs. Duncan are now settled in their new home in "The Shelter," 229 Simcoe Street, where they will be pleased to meet anyone interested in the work.

The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb

Births.

HUTCHISON — To Mr. and Mrs. John Hutchison, on Tuesday, October 9, twins.

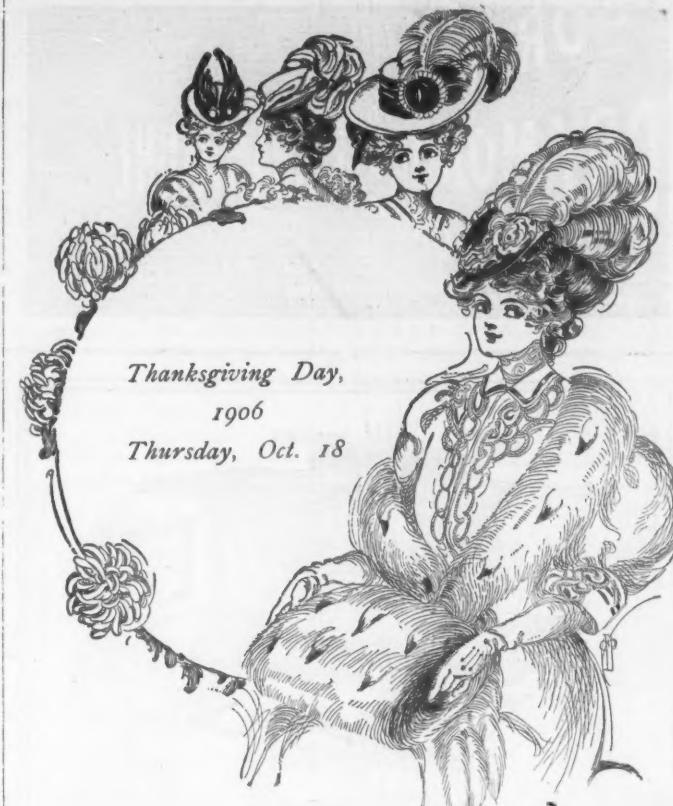
ADAMSON — On October 7, 1906, at 150 Beverley street, Toronto, the wife of Agar S. A. M. Adamson, a son.

BULL — At "Lorne Hall," Rosedale, Toronto, on Monday, October 8, 1906, the wife of William Perkins Bull, of a son.

Marriages.

PORTER — TELFER — At Collingwood, on Wednesday, October 10, Clara Playford, eldest daughter of H. Y. Telfer, Esq., to Mr. J. Herbert Porter of Toronto.

SCOTT — CAMERON — At the residence of the bride's sister, London, Ontario, on October 10, 1906, by the Rev. Canon Dunn of St. Paul's Cathedral, Jessie B. Cameron of Fort Wayne, Indiana, to George Alexander Scott, B.A., Markham.



A Thanksgiving Hat

HOOSING a holiday hat is a delight if you do not wait until the day before the holiday to choose it. Better take three days' grace at the very least.

Our milliners seem likely to be overwhelmed with "last minute" orders. They always are. Let us advise madame to come to-day if she can; if not to-day, then Monday at the latest. Our millinery salon is at the height of its Autumn glory, and there are no serious counter-attractions. So come now and welcome always.

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Is made from tested, natural spring water, selected barley malt, and a blend of the choicest growth of hops. No substitutes for hops or barley are used. An aid to digestion and a cause of comfort after meals.

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ROBERTS — RITCHIE — On Wednesday, October 3, by Rev. Canon Cody, Muriel Mildred Ritchie to James A. Roberts, M.B., F.R.C.S.

DEATHS.

LOMER — In Hamburg, Germany, October 9, 1906, aged 85, Elise, widow of the late Gerhard Lomer, formerly of Montreal, and mother of E. M. H. Beard (Mrs. S. W. Beard).

ROBERTSON — At Almonte, October 5, S. J. Robertson, son of James Robertson, in his 38th year.

KEMP — At the residence of his son, Dr. H. Gross Kemp, 39 Avenue road, Toronto, on October 8, Charles Biggar Kemp, J.P., of Brighton, Ont., aged 70 years and 5 days.

ELLIOTT — On Saturday, October 6, 1906, at Montreal, John E. Elliott, in his 40th year.

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New-Old
Silverware

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The effect is obtained by combining old-time hand hammering with new art lines in design.

Especially noteworthy is a Tea and Coffee Set at \$1.50.

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Windsor SALT

is always the same,
whether you buy a 5c.
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There is only one
grade of Windsor Table
Salt—the best—and all
of it measures up to the
same standard of quality.

Mrs. H. K. Egan and Mrs. Charles Read were joint hostesses at a most enjoyable and successful tea at the Golf Clubhouse on Tuesday, and it being one of the loveliest days of the many charming ones we have been treated to this autumn, those invited turned out in full force, and a most delightful two hours sped all too rapidly. Mrs. Wilson Southam and Mrs. Frank Grierson were kept busy at the tea-table, which, as usual, was laid in the ballroom, and lots of asters in delicate tints were prettily arranged thereon.

Mr. Harry Ward, M.P., of Port Hope, and Mrs. Ward have taken Mrs. J. L. Burnard's house in MacLaren street for the session. Mr. A. F. MacLaren, M.P., of Stratford, and Mrs. MacLaren, who, with their son, Mr. Kenneth MacLaren, have just returned from a trip abroad, have also leased a furnished house in town.

Society at the Capital

ANOTHER attractive and smart wedding was the event par excellence which interested society last week, and on Wednesday the walls of that beautiful and stately edifice, Christ Church Cathedral, looked down upon a bright and gaily robed throng assembled to witness the marriage of Miss Mary Evelyn Slater, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas Slater of "Broadview," Aylmer road, to Mr. William Foster Wilson, son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wilson of Woodstock, Ont. The family of the bride has, since the early Bytown days, been closely connected with the history of the Capital, her great-grandfather, Mr. Nicholas Sparks, after whom our principal thoroughfare is named, being one of its earliest settlers. At two o'clock the bridal party arrived and proceeded up the aisle, the ushers leading the way, followed by the maid of honor, Miss Isabel French of Orange, N.J., the three bridesmaids, Miss Ruth Sherwood, cousin of the bride; Miss Marion Lindsay, and Miss Bee Burbridge, and, lastly, the bride, on her father's arm, the full choir singing as they entered, the beautiful hymn, "The Voice That Breathed O'er Eden." The wedding-gown was of rich white satin, simply made, and falling in straight, graceful folds, the seams outlined in pink pearls. A handsome bertha of old rose point lace composed the bodice trimming, and the becomingly arranged tulle veil and clusters of orange blossoms completed a very rich and effective bridal toilette. The four attendant maids were attired alike, in dainty white French organdy gowns, with quantities of fine insertion trimmings and lace yokes, their hats of soft white felt being simply trimmed with pompadour ribbon of pink and white and caught up most coquettishly on the left side with one large pink rose. Shower bouquets of pale pink carnations, with flowing streamers of pink gauze, were carried by them, and each wore a gift from the bridegroom—a gold pin, surmounted with the letters "S" and "W" in pearls. The best man was Mr. Lyman Ray, who, together with the ushers, Mr. James Slater, brother of the bride, Mr. Ormond Haycock (without whom a complete list does not now seem to be complete), Mr. Charles MacLaren and Mr. Charles Graham, were the recipients of pretty pearl pins from the groom, as mementoes of the happy occasion. Rev. Canon Kittson, the rector, officiated, and the service was fully choral. The many young friends of the bride had spared no pains in suitably decorating the church with hosts of feathered white, pink and mauve asters, and the effect was most satisfactory. The balminess of the afternoon, which resembled a day in June rather than one in October, made wraps quite superfluous, and the beautiful drive along the picturesque country road to the reception at "Broadview" after the ceremony, added materially to the pleasures of the occasion. After dainty refreshments had been partaken of, and the happy young couple had received the congratulations and good wishes of all the guests, they left in an automobile, under a deluge of rice, to catch the five o'clock train for Montreal and Quebec, whence they sailed on Saturday by the SS. "Canada" for England, and will spend two months touring on the Continent, arriving home in time for Christmas. Mrs. Wilson travelled in a very handsome costume of navy blue chiffon broadcloth, trimmed with navy velvet and enamelled buttons, the coat opening over a blouse of cream lace, and a blue felt hat, with trimmings of tulle and white wings. The presents were many and handsome, including a magnificent diamond ring from the groom to the bride, a generous cheque from the bride's father, together with numerous articles of costly furniture, a cabinet of sterling silver from the parents of the groom, and a magnificent table set of cut glass from Colonel and Mrs. A. P. Sherwood, uncle and aunt of the bride. Guests who came to the Capital especially for this bright wedding were the Misses Maud and Nell Wilson of Woodstock, sisters of the groom; Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Tomlinson of Toronto, uncle and aunt of the bride; Mrs. and Miss Fanny Tomlinson of Iowa, and Miss Edith Cross of Toronto.

The approach of the festive season, and the fact that the opening of Parliament is expected much earlier this year than in the past, has caused quite a demand for furnished houses from members of Parliament and others, and already several visitors are making arrangements to take up their temporary abode in Ottawa for the winter months.

THE CHAPERONE.
Ottawa, October 8, 1906.

A PORTRAIT STUDY.

An Important Development of Recent Years and a Deserving Recognition of a Toronto Man.

A N important development, scarcely noticed by many, has, during the past few years, become more and more manifest to the observant student of art throughout the world. It is only within a very short time that photography has received recognition as even an ally of art or related in any way to it. At first slowly, but of late with increased impetus an upward movement has progressed until to-day photography has come to be recognized the world over as a fine art, and photographic portraits are to-day hung in many of the leading art exhibits of the European galleries, side by side with oil and water-color paintings of the most noted artists. A tremendous prejudice had to be overcome before the world of art and culture could be brought to realize the artistic possibilities of photography, but thanks to the earnest, persevering effort of an enthusiastic few on both sides of the Atlantic, its claim as a fine art is established. The progressive portrait photographer of to-day is a proud and happy man for he has demonstrated that it is possible to interpret a portrait with all the faithfulness of life, and at the same time to clothe it with an atmosphere of art. Perhaps no better example can be cited than the exquisite specimen from the well-known studio of Mr. J. Kennedy, reproduced on the first page of this issue. We have used this illustration, not only because of its pictorial quality but for another important reason. It was one of a very limited number of photographs selected from many hundreds, recently exhibited in competition by the leading photographers of the United States and Canada to represent the highest standard of photographic portraiture to-day. The body that so honored Mr. Kennedy was none less than the Photographers' Association of America assembled at Niagara Falls in August last at its twenty-sixth annual convention. Its judgment can scarce be anything but final, as the Association is the largest and most prominent organization of its kind in the world. Its jury of selection is composed of men of standing in the profession, whose opinions carry weight. Mr. Kennedy's picture was picked out as one of the few to be hung in the Salon Exhibit of the Association as a permanent record of progress for the year. We may also add that while a large number of other Canadian photographers were represented, Mr. Kennedy was the only one to receive this honor. Mr. Kennedy has been an active member of the Association for a number of years, and counts much upon his annual attendance upon its convention for inspiration and help in his work. Mr. Kennedy's exhibit may be seen in its entirety at his studio.

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The shapes are very varied; chic, small and admirably suited to tailored gowns, and many handsome models for ceremonial wear. There is a charming variety in the trimmings, the feathered kingdom furnishing wings, quills and other novelties; there are roses big and little, sometimes a little odd as to color but very effective.

The best materials have been used and there are contrasts in colors and subtle blendings of shade which show that the designers have studied with the best masters—the flowers.

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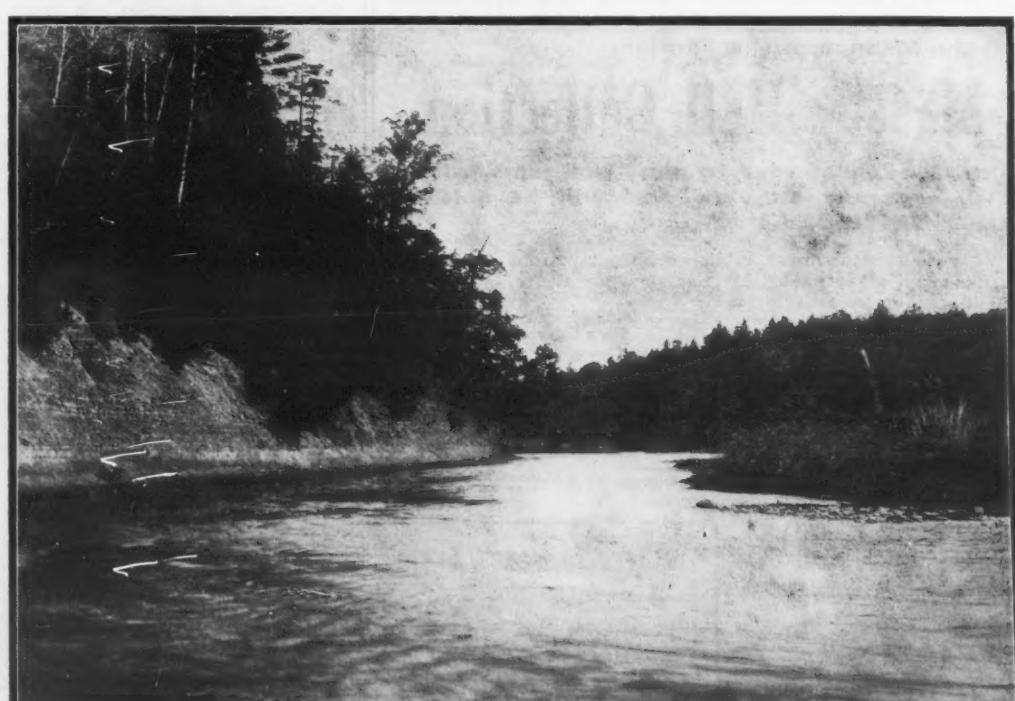
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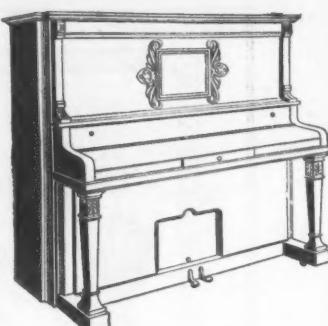
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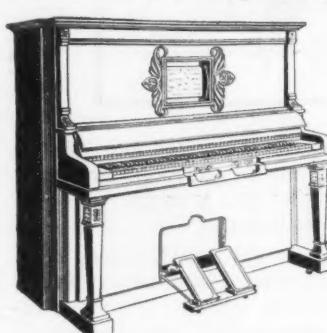
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into the home transforms that home from a place where music is seldom heard to one in which music—all the compositions of the centuries—is at the command of every member of the family, for every one becomes a performer. The **Bell Playerpiano** actually means that every person can play and play easily and well, music of every description.



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Branch Warerooms of the Bell Piano & Organ Co., Limited, of Guelph, Ont., and London, Eng.—The largest makers under the British Flag."

Earthquakes and the Simple Life.

THE fact that the general health of the inhabitants of San Francisco was better after the earthquake than before is commented upon by "The Hospital" (London, August 4), and explained by the fact that they were getting "the enforced benefits of a sanatorium," being obliged to live simply and outdoors whether they would or no. Says the writer:

"It is an undoubted fact that a great many men and women who were in a poor state of health before the shock, with bad appetites and defective digestion, are now eating all they can get, and digesting it without trouble; while the mental condition which so often accompanies the dyspeptic has equally improved. The explanation is as simple as it is rational. These people were fortunately deprived of their trams, alcohol, and luxuries; they had nothing but simple food, and they were compelled to take exercise in the open air to get it. The men have found it possible to live without cigars or whiskey, and the ladies without candy. They have cooked their simple meals in the streets to the better ventilation of their houses; for lack of light they have gone to bed early, with the compensation that they have risen with the lark. They have had the enforced benefits of a sanatorium, and good health is the result."

The general psychological effects of the disaster are also commented upon by the writer, who first notes the testimony of an eye-witness in the "Pacific Medical Journal," that people in general took the earthquake quietly, most of them even staying in their rooms to dress before leaving the ruined hotels. Says "The Hospital":

"The trial came at a time when the nervous system was well rested by sleep; it might have been otherwise had it come at the end of a hot and harrowing day. The fire followed, and for three days the mass of people were subjected to a strain such as no similar body of our fellow-creatures has endured in this generation. At the end of that time between two and three hundred thousand people were homeless, destitute, and for the most part had to start life over again. They had suffered loss of sleep, many were hungry, and all had the prospect of immediate famine ahead. By all the precedents of history these hundreds of thousands should have been in the slough of despair. Men should have slunk along with white, despairing faces; women should have wept, and children wailed. Nothing could have been further from the truth. Some men looked worried and depressed, most seemed to be in excellent good humor with themselves and the world in the knowledge that they and theirs were still living. In a walk of ten miles no woman was seen crying. The mental condition was rather one of mild excitement. A few observations on the pulse-rate showed an acceleration of ten to twenty beats a minute. The explanation seems to be that nearly everyone had been in personal danger and the danger was passed and the long tension relieved. By the enforced recourse to a few open encampments men were thrown together, and each time friend met friend the sense of joyous relief was quickened. The green of the fields and the blue of the sky aided the reaction, for it was lovely weather. Finally the wornout bodies and overwrought minds of the masses made them an easy prey to the power of suggestion, and they felt the comfort of rest after exceeding weariness. Had the weather been bad or the preliminary strain less, the power of suggestion might have worked in the opposite direction, and a despairing multitude might well have replaced the good-natured and hopeful crowds."

ANNUAL DINNERS.

Their Chief Advantages and Disadvantages Here Set Forth.

It is a common subject for jest that no Anglo-Saxon organization can meet without having an "annual dinner." Still there is a good deal to be said in favor of this hoary-headed custom for it preserves social intercourse and makes man better acquainted. The only really serious argument against such a "function" is that it preserves that crazy song which insists with unnecessary and dreary iteration that some person of very ordinary capabilities is a Jolly Good Fellow. One of the most notable of annual dinners is that of the Manufacturers' Association. This year it was held in the Royal Alexandra Hotel in Winnipeg. The "setting" was sumptuous and so was the fare. It was thoroughly in character, therefore, for a Gourlay piano of Sheraton design to stand at the head of the banqueting hall. The delegates to the convention were delighted with the beauty of the case, which preserved in admirable style the graces of Sheraton art, while the richness of the tone awakened great enthusiasm. One of the members of the association was so pleased with the instrument that a day or two after the banquet he visited the Winnipeg warerooms of Messrs. Gourlay, Winter & Leeming and bought it. Certainly he will have no reason to regret his bargain.

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The jackets are 24 inches long, blouse style. Have the new leg o'mutton sleeves, natural Canadian mink collar, cuffs and revers, silk girdle and best black satin lining. Chamois lined pocket inside. Full range of sizes. Each.....\$100.00



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